

published his later works anonymously to escape the ridicule of the critics. However, here is his picture in the exhibition, hanging hard by Hogarth's. It would be a pity not to be interested in Whitehead. You won't find anything about him in Mr. Ward's volumes.

Southey's portrait by Phillips is a fine likeness of one of the handsomest and most honourable of men; though I fear it will go hard with him in the anthologies of the next century. He must be content to be cut down; but wholly destroyed he can never be. It is an interesting portrait, though hardly so vivid a picture as is composed by the single sentence of that mighty limner of men's faces, Carlyle: "Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany-brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop."

Hoppner's Rogers is a good picture, but here again Carlyle drives the painters headlong before him, and usurps their functions. "Old Rogers, with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, will work on you with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf-chin." And yet I read somewhere the other day that Emerson's letters were better than Carlyle's. You may keep the Whiteheads out of the anthologies, but you cannot keep them out of the newspapers.

Before leaving the gallery, glance at Campbell's portrait (No. 214). It is bland, but hardly so benevolent as you might have expected it to be from reading his "Specimens."

A. B.

REVIEWS.

MR. MORLEY'S LITERARY STUDIES.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By John Morley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

MR. MORLEY'S new book may be had of all London booksellers for three shillings and ninepence. This may not be a precisely democratic price, but it is at all events well on the way towards one. It is an encouragement for other authors and publishers to go and do likewise. A long series of new books of high quality at low prices might possibly (who can tell?) make a bookseller's bill as ordinary an item of expenditure in a middle-class home as a bootseller's. But the readers must look to it that the books are not allowed to grow smaller and smaller as they become cheaper and cheaper. There is perhaps a tendency in this direction, but when we say Mr. Morley's book might have been a little longer we protest we are not thinking of our three-and-ninepence, but only of our own edification.

Five of the nine articles here reprinted are purely literary—namely, the papers on Wordsworth, on Aphorisms, on the Study of Literature, on Hugo's "Ninety-three," and on Browning's "Ring and the Book"—two savour of politics, and two are concerned with the proud estate of journalism, and that "bad eminence," the editor's chair. These last two are by no means the least interesting parts of an interesting and genuine book.

Mr. Morley has been, as the world knows, a journalist and an editor—a true journalist and a real editor—and his review of Mr. Macvey Napier's correspondence is full of those fervid facts and just comparisons which Heaven only puts at the disposal of writers who know their subjects.

Mr. Morley's account of an editor's difficulties is most vivacious and amusing. The editor of the *Edinburgh* had, we all know, his Brougham, terrible, relentless, and, in Mr. Morley's phrase, "of encyclopædic ignorance." Such portents are rare. Broughams do not grow like blackberries, but every editor

has his Empson, men who do not take the trouble to mark their paragraphs. Of such heedless workmen Mr. Morley speaks with just scorn. He says, or rather sighs, "Alas! it is usually the case that those who have the least excuse are the worst offenders."

The troubles of an editor will never be taken much to heart by a heedless world. If expressed with great vivacity they cannot escape the mock-heroic, the sham-terrible; for, after all, what is the pother about? Supposing the next number of the review did not appear—what then? Perhaps the spectacle in the mind's eye of Mill "editing" with a sad heart, and printing in his organ as much of an article of Lord Lytton's as his taste could tolerate, does actually impinge upon the horrible; but for the most part, any record of an editor's sufferings belongs to cheerful literature.

Mr. Morley does not linger long about the editor's chair, but proceeds to discuss the theory whether a periodical should be not an organ but an open pulpit, each writer signing his name. Time was when sanguine man believed that signed articles, boxing the compass of political and religious opinion, appearing month after month in the pages of the same review, would be medicine for the age. Medicine or no medicine, the age has swallowed the dose. "The clergy," writes Mr. Morley, in the last article in the book, "no longer have the pulpit to themselves, for the new reviews became more powerful pulpits, in which heretics were at least as welcome as orthodox. Speculation has become entirely democratised. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years" (1882).

There can be no doubt about it. The new reviews ran the blockade of the *Index Expurgatorius*, and carried their contraband wares into the ports of orthodoxy, where they were greedily devoured by the half-starved youthful population. "Everybody," says Mr. Morley, "male or female, who reads anything serious at all, now reads a dozen essays a year, to show, with infinite variety of approach and demonstration, that we can never know whether there be a Supreme Being or not, whether the soul survives the body, or whether mind is more and other than a mere function of matter. No article that has appeared in any periodical for a generation back excited so profound a sensation as Mr. Huxley's memorable paper on the 'Physical Basis of Life' published in this review [the *Fortnightly*] in February, 1869."

This is getting a little hazy now perhaps. We are either less serious or less crude than we were in the seventies. We have supped so full of speculative horrors that we have not a shudder left in us; but no one who gives the subject a moment's consideration can fail to attribute enormous importance to the throwing open of reviews to all kinds of opinions openly expressed by well-known men.

Although Mr. Morley has been in the thick of this fray himself, and as editor of the *Fortnightly Review* kept a cock-pit of his own for fifteen years, none the less, with characteristic independence of external circumstances, he prefers, unless we misread him, another state of things, namely, where an editor could see around him a faithful band of contributors who start together "from a set of common principles, accept a common programme of practical applications, and set to work in earnest, and with due order and distribution of parts, to advocate the common cause." A cricketing bard has sung of "The perfect feel of a fourer." Next to that in the scale of human joys may be ranked what Mr. Morley calls "the cohesion of a political creed."

A review which was the organ of such a body of opinion would not admit the enemy within its gates, unless, indeed, to lie upon the table for the purpose of vivisection. There would be no need for signed articles, since all the contributors would be bent on the same errand. The editor of such a review would be the leader of a party. It would be his duty to marshal his forces, to beat up recruits, to assign tasks

to curb the unruly, to fortify the timorous, to train the young, to cashier the old, to practise wise economies, and, indeed, to do a host of things which must be done by the head of a propaganda. Some such kind of editor Mr. Morley must have had in his mind when he wrote, "One would suppose it must be more interesting to command a man-of-war than a trading vessel; it would be more interesting to lead a regiment than to keep a tilting yard." We should think so indeed. But, adds Mr. Morley sorrowfully, "the times are not ripe for such enterprises. At present [1878] there is no similar agreement either among the younger men in Parliament or among a sufficiently numerous group of writers outside of Parliament. . . . At the present moment the only motto that can be inscribed on the flag of a Liberal review is the general device of progress, each writer interpreting it in his own sense, and within such limits as he may set for himself." This dubious state of things must continue, says Mr. Morley, until a general body of opinion has been formed, and is held in common by a certain number of men. This view was expressed in 1878. We are now in 1891. Our cricketing friend has still the best of it. Last season he scored many fourers, but "the coherence of a political creed" is not a joy which can truthfully be described as "in widest commonalty spread."

But we are lingering too long over what is only one of many of the interesting questions discussed by Mr. Morley in his vital and vivacious book.

In his estimate of Wordsworth, Mr. Morley agrees very agreeably with Mr. Lowell. It is always pleasant to find intelligent men at one about a great poet. To enjoy the same good things in the same hearty, manly way is the height of literary fellowship. Neither of the two is a Wordsworthian in the sectarian sense of the word, that is, as Mr. Short-house, or Mr. Roden Noel, or Mr. Aubrey de Vere are Wordsworthians, or even as Lord Selborne is. Lord Selborne has told us that he has learnt more from Wordsworth than from Shakespeare. Mr. Short-house invites others to follow up a line of thought which he considers he has sufficiently laid down. "Matter," says he, "is a thought of God"; and both Mr. Noel and Mr. Aubrey de Vere have written of Wordsworth, as only men initiated into a mystery can write, with awe and rapturous wonder.

Mr. Morley and Mr. Lowell are not in the least like this; they lop and prune the master with a free hand. They lay about them with a will. In ten minutes they do as much damage amongst the Wordsworthian growths as did the bard himself to the hazels when he went "Nutting" in the manner he has described to us in his famous poem—

"Then up I rose
And dragged to earth both branch and bough with crash
And merciless ravage."

There are few of Wordsworth's poems, says Mr. Morley, that are not too long—he is often cumbrous, heavy-footed, unmusical, and solemn. He is seen at his best in sonnets, says Mr. Lowell, for in the sonnet monologue is of necessity tempered with mercy.

Wordsworth philosophy, so dear to the true Wordsworthian, is voted a thing of small account, of no possible moment. Mr. Morley says bluntly that no impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil or of good, whilst Mr. Lowell ridicules the spectacle of a bearded man running blubbering to hide his head in the apron of the Mighty Mother whenever he has got a bruise in the tussle for existence.

If this criticism jars a little upon us, the fault is with those who seek a system and advertise a method. Poetic fancies cannot be shod so as to carry you along a turnpike road, but on the hills beyond Easedale Tarn, or in the ravines of Helvellyn, it is lawful to repeat and to believe

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills;
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

A time will come—and no one, we are sure, will hail it more gladly than Mr. Morley—when it will be no longer necessary even for critics of Wordsworth to do their subtraction sums in public, or to take both sides of the account over and over again. A balance will be struck once and for all, and Wordsworth will for ever mean a clear residue of noble, animating, exalted verse which sees "into the life of things."

"Those who deem," says Mr. Morley, "the end of poetry to be intoxication, fever, or rainbow-dreams, can care little for Wordsworth. If its end be not intoxication, but on the contrary a search from the wide regions of imagination and feeling for elements of composure deep and pure, and for self-government in a far loftier sense than the mere prudential, then Wordsworth has a gift of his own approached by no poet of his time."

The book is full of good things and wise sayings we should like to notice, but to do so would perhaps be to insult the intelligence of the reader, who can find them for himself. "There is an idea," says Mr. Morley, "and I venture to think a very mistaken idea, that you cannot have a taste for literature unless you are yourself an author. I beseech you," he proceeds, "not all to turn to authorship." Akin to this pestilent idea is another, namely, that because tired-out novelists and journalists, sucked as dry as the lioness in *As You Like It*, have neither time nor inclination to read the joy-inspiring books of past times, therefore nobody reads them or anything else except to-day's paper and yesterday's novel. These are the people who go about crying out "Who now reads Crabbe, Borrow, Richardson?" Thank Heaven, the market for good books increases every day. A ten-pound note wisely expended will give a man a library in which he never need feel dull, and where he can form a taste and a standard of comparison which would play havoc amongst his contemporaries were he foolish enough to find fault with them. A good constant supply of living authors is no doubt a desirable thing; but if not a single book were to be published for ten years (save in the exact sciences), who dare say we should be the sufferers?

Another wise saying of Mr. Morley is that the love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. With this in our minds we will conclude (as we are getting excited) by recommending everyone who likes a book that sets him thinking pleasantly to buy Mr. Morley's "Studies in Literature," for three and ninepence.

ANOTHER RULER OF INDIA.

THE MARQUESS CORNWALLIS. By W. S. Seton Karr. (Rulers of India Series.) London: Henry Frowde (Clarendon Press).

THIS volume illustrates the difficulties inherent in a plan of bringing together, under the serial title of "Rulers of India," a group of personages more or less interesting and important, who have been connected at sundry times, and in very diverse manners, with the government of that country. Lord Cornwallis was Governor-General in India for little more than six years out of a long life of active and distinguished service in various high offices and commands; and the annals of his Indian administration form a mere chapter in his biography. Upon such an imperfect survey of his career it is quite impossible to produce any satisfactory estimate of the man's work, qualities, or general reputation that might fix his place even among Indian statesmen. The limitations necessarily imposed upon Mr. Seton Karr have compelled him to pass very hastily over the campaign of Cornwallis against the revolted American colonists, to omit altogether the memorable period of his Irish Viceroyalty, and to touch lightly on his negotiations of the Peace of Amiens with France. We can understand that all this may have been unavoidable; yet it is not so plain why, in dealing with his Indian Governor-Generalship, the author should have compressed into very brief space his account of the two campaigns directed by Cornwallis against the famous Tippu of Mysore, and should have treated

rather inadequately his foreign policy. This seems to have been done in order to make large room for a full and particular description of the permanent settlement of the land revenue in Bengal, Bahar, and Benares; but no skill in literary dressings can give the average reader any appetite for such dry pro-vender; and even among experts these disquisitions may well have acquired, in the course of a hundred years or so, an incurably musty flavour.

Nevertheless it is quite possible, and might be fairly profitable, to sketch in clear outline the place of Cornwallis in Anglo-Indian history. He succeeded Warren Hastings, the first and last of the Company's Governor-Generals, who was the scapegoat of an awkward and unmanageable system, under which the Government of India was hampered by divided authority and distracted by party feuds in Calcutta and in London. Cornwallis was the first of the new dynasty of Parliamentary Governor-Generals, invested with supreme civil and military authority in India, and steadily supported at home by a triumphant Ministry; his rank, his reputation, his close connection with Pitt and Dundas, all combined to sweep away the obstacles that blocked the path of Hastings, and for the first time to clothe the representative of England in India with the attributes of genuine rulership. In the exercise of these ample powers he was materially aided by the political situation in Europe and Asia. The unfortunate and misconducted wars of Lord North's day had ceased; they had been succeeded, in the East and in the West, by a period of peace; it was the interval of uneasy calm before the explosion of the great revolutionary cyclone, which did not burst until Cornwallis had just finished, in 1793, his first term of office. Such a breathing time was well suited for carrying out in India wide internal reforms, for consolidating the British position by a stroke at our foremost and most formidable Indian antagonist, and for inaugurating a system of peaceful alliances with other native rulers, which lasted with the fair weather, but collapsed when the next storm rose. All these things did Cornwallis successfully accomplish, being much favoured by circumstance, and being, moreover, a soldier and an administrator of skill, energy, large experience, and the firmest integrity.

Readers of this volume will find in Mr. Seton Karr a safe and well-equipped guide through the labyrinthine details and outlandish verbiage of the Indian revenue assessments which are the signal exploits of the Governor-General's civil administration. In fixing for ever the land tax of the districts then constituting the Bengal Presidency, he followed the natural bent of a statesman familiar only with the system in England, where a Parliament of landlords were just about to make their own tax unalterable, except by diminution. The Indian arrangement has cost the Indian Treasury an immense loss of annual land revenue, but has helped to make Bengal the wealthiest province of the Empire. Whether Mr. Seton Karr is right in ascribing the comparative tranquillity of Bengal during the Mutiny of 1857 to the "silent loyalty of the Zemindars," purchased at this price, may be a more arguable point. The great proprietors had everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by the spread into their country of the Northern military insurrection.

Upon the foreign transactions of Cornwallis's rule Mr. Seton Karr, albeit a very capable interpreter, has not seen fit to display the same faculty of minute and copious exposition; forgetting, possibly, that to the occasional English reader the politics of India in the last century are no less confusing than its finance. At the end of the eighteenth century the native Powers still treated and fought with us on equal terms; and in Southern India, Tippu, the Sultan of Mysore, who had by no means been worsted in his last trial of strength with the English, was an irreconcilable enemy. The *casus belli* upon which Cornwallis attacked him in 1790 was so far from grave that one is inclined to

infer a determination of weakening, on the first decent pretext, so dangerous a rival. Tippu was forced, after two campaigns, to accept peace at the price of half his territory and a very heavy indemnity; for the Governor-General commanded in person, could draw upon the troops and resources of all three Presidencies, was aided by the Nizam and the Marattas, and was at the moment entirely free of diversions or difficulties in any other part of India. To meet the war expenditure he was nevertheless obliged to squeeze his faithful allies, Oudh and the Karnatic, quite as closely as ever did Hastings before him, though not so thoroughly as Lord Wellesley did after him. Cornwallis also extended materially that remarkable system of subsidiary engagements which has played so important a part in the territorial expansion of British India. The system was well known in Europe, with a difference; for whereas in the European wars England paid subsidies to some Continental State which provided the troops, in India it was some native State that found the money while England found the soldiers. But in Asia, wherever the sword belongs to one associate and the purse to another, the invariable attraction of the purse toward the hand that holds the sword almost constitutes a mysterious law of political magnetism.

The upshot and consequences of the Mysore war were to leave Tippu maimed and savagely vindictive, to alarm our auxiliaries, the Nizam and the Maratta, who began to see that their turn might follow, and generally to clear the ground and prepare the way for the advent of the two Wellesleys, *duo fulmina belli*; who a few years later crushed out Tippu altogether, disabled the Marattas, annexed half Oudh, pensioned off the Great Moghul, and finally established the unchallenged predominance of England in India. Just as Cornwallis was quitting India in 1793 he heard that France had declared war against England. He issued orders at once for seizing all the French settlements; and went home. Twelve years later he returned again, only to die, in 1805, five months after his arrival. All his projects of peaceful alliance with the native States, of non-intervention, and of a balance among the native Powers in India, had been upset in our furious struggle with France and with Bonaparte, who openly threatened India, and thus gave Lord Wellesley an excellent pretext for kindling Indian wars out of the conflagration that raged in Europe.

"With the arrival of the Wellesleys," writes Mr. Seton Karr, "the whole scene was transformed. In six years' time the British armies, directed by one brother in the Council and commanded by another in the field, were everywhere triumphant. The capital of Tippu Sultan was stormed. The French battalions at Hyderabad were disbanded, and the Nizam, from an envious rival or a halting friend, became an obedient ally. The Maratta Powers that had risen on the ruins of the crumbling Moghul Empire were shattered. The Madras Presidency had swelled to its present dimensions; we had acquired what we now know as the North-Western Provinces of India; we had the Peshwa for our vassal."

Such a blaze of glorious conquest had startled and alarmed the Ministry at home, and Cornwallis was sent out again on a mission to bring down the temperature of Indian government to a milder and more moderate range of activity. He tried in a somewhat ineffectual manner to quench the still smouldering fires, by throwing cold water on Lord Lake's bellicose ardour, by endeavouring to conciliate the leading Indian chiefs, and by plans of universal pacification; but he died before he could do much more than announce his views and intentions. The subsequent course of events soon proved that no steps backward can be taken in India, and that a policy of withdrawal from alliances, of non-interference in affairs beyond our actual frontiers, and of leaving the native States to eat each other up at leisure, had already become impracticable. It became evident, in fact, that our ascendancy in India had imposed upon us the political overlordship and superintendence of the whole country.

Mr. Seton Karr's summary of the character of Lord Cornwallis is justly conceived and ably drawn,

if we make allowance for the necessity, inspired by the nature of his work, of regarding him mainly from an Indian standpoint:—

"If in some points he reflected, and acted on, the opinions of the time, in others he was far ahead of it. In his contempt for jobbery; his determination to place the Company's servants, whom he transformed from merchants into administrators, above the reach of temptation; in his anxiety to protect native rights and interests; in constructive ability and tenacity of purpose, he may challenge a comparison with some of the most eminent men who have ruled India."

But it has always to be remembered, in making these comparisons, that whereas the Indian rulership has been the grand climacteric in the career of almost every other Governor-General, Cornwallis held other and even more arduous offices. Within three months after reaching England, in 1794, he was sent to join the head-quarters of the allied armies in Flanders, and indeed to assume chief command of the whole force, had such an arrangement been found practicable. In 1797 he very nearly set out again for India, but resigned after being actually sworn in as Governor-General; and in the next year he took the Viceroyalty of Ireland at a time of the greatest emergency. He suppressed the rebellion of 1798; and had scarcely completed the far more difficult task of carrying through the Irish Union, when he was entrusted by Pitt with the negotiation of the only treaty that we ever managed to conclude with Napoleon Bonaparte. No other Indian Governor-General has also attained a high European reputation as a soldier, an administrator, and a diplomatist; nor can we hesitate to recognise in Lord Cornwallis a man of pure and strong patriotic feeling, clear of head and firm of purpose, who did good work in perilous circumstances, and who served his country, up to the hour of his death, with unswerving courage and fidelity.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.

HEDDA GABLER. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by Edmund Gosse. London: William Heinemann. 1891.

ONE of the minor results of Ibsen's conquest of the European stage will probably be a large increase in the demand for Norwegian grammars and dictionaries. English students will want to read the new dramatic gospel in the original tongue. And then the hapless reviewer will have to follow suit, in order to decide between the competing claims of the various translators. Meanwhile he is compelled to rely mainly upon what is by no means the worst test—namely, internal evidence. This test, of course, is not infallible. Racy idiom is occasionally the result not of the conquest but of the shirking of difficulties. Jeremy Collier's version of Marcus Aurelius, for instance, reads better than Mr. Long's; but, as Jeremy's admirer, Mr. Matthew Arnold, had to admit, Mr. Long's version is by far the more faithful of the two. Other things being equal, however, that translation is probably the best which reads least like one. Applying this test, the test of style, to the various translations of Ibsen's plays published from time to time in this country, one finds the authorised English version of the prose dramas by Mr. William Archer, of which four out of the five volumes promised have already appeared, to be, out of all questioning, the best. Mr. Archer's English, to be sure, does not escape the usual penalty of scrupulous literalness; it is sometimes a little stiff, a little angular. But it is pure, it is nervous, it is masculine; it is never slipshod, never vulgar. Dr. Ibsen's latest drama, *Hedda Gabler*, was originally promised for the fifth volume of Mr. Archer's series; but that volume is not yet in existence, and a translation of *Hedda Gabler* by another hand—a very different hand—has already been published. The circumstances of its publication have given rise to an unfortunate dispute, into the merits of which it is no business of ours to enter. Mr. Archer asserts that Mr. Edmund Gosse is not

a translator, but a mis-translator; a fact which, without Mr. Archer's knowledge—or, indeed, any knowledge at all—of the Norwegian language, is but too obvious. The test of which we spoke, internal evidence, sufficiently proves it. One may or may not agree with what Dr. Ibsen makes his personages say; but this much is certain, that he has never hitherto made them talk the sheer nonsense that they frequently do talk in Mr. Gosse's version of *Hedda Gabler*. Of two things one: either Ibsen's hand has suddenly lost its cunning, or Mr. Gosse misinterprets what that hand has written. There can be little doubt which is the more probable alternative. As for Mr. Gosse's style, it is the reverse of good. It is not English; it is not even stagese. The feeblest of Ibsen's previous translators have not been able to hide from us Ibsen's great qualities of conciseness, simplicity, and strength—qualities converted by Mr. Gosse into wishy-washy twaddle. Ibsen's colloquialisms he mis-translates into Cockney slang. "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar," said Polonius: Mr. Gosse is both. He indulges in silly expletives like "Lord!" "Goodness!" "Gracious!" "Fancy that!" and in such vulgarisms as "awfully," "jolly chaps," with damnable iteration. "*Sh'apprens t'être fif*," explained Boswell's famous German baron, when found jumping over the chairs and tables. Mr. Gosse seems to have tried jumping over, or on, Ibsen with the same object. But he has not succeeded in being *fif*; he has only broken his shins.

Hedda Gabler, then, is not to be read in Mr. Gosse's pages; it is only to be divined from them. So far as any trustworthy conclusion can be founded upon evidence so imperfect, they would seem to indicate that the latest of Ibsen's social dramas differs in formula from the earlier members of the series. The most novel and noteworthy feature, from the technical point of view, of such plays as *The Pillars of Society*, *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, and *The Wild Duck*, was the author's peculiar use of the ironic method in the exposition of character. In one play Ibsen takes a model citizen, Consul Bernick; in another a model husband, Torvald Helmer; in a third, a model exponent of conventional morality, Pastor Manders; in a fourth, a model enthusiast for truth-at-any-price, Gregers Werle—and, when first introducing these characters on the scene, he takes care that we shall not suspect them to be anything other than models. Then—sometimes gradually, sometimes abruptly—he opens our eyes to the real weakness, vice, or even criminality, which these models of conventional virtue, when put to certain tests, exhibit. This method, involving as it does a temporary deception of the audience, sins against one of the oldest canons of orthodox dramatics (see, e.g., Diderot's preface to the *Père de Famille*, and Lessing's remarks in his *Hamburg Dramaturgy*, on "theatrical surprise-strokes"). But as a weapon of ethical warfare there can be no question of its deadly efficacy. The shock to the audience, upon the sudden exposure of the seamy side of its pet moral ideals, is tremendous. There is nothing of this in *Hedda Gabler*. Of the character of its eponymous heroine we are never for a moment in doubt. Even before her first appearance on the scene we are led to suspect, and immediately after it we are clearly shown, that she is what the old stage-jargon called an "unsympathetic personage." Her "face and figure," so runs the stage direction, "are dignified and distinguished." But the "colour of the skin is uniformly pallid." Then her eyes are "steel-grey, with a cold, open expression of serenity." And her hair, though "of an agreeable brown," is "not very thick." The wary playgoer is at once prepared to find that the cold serene eye means hard ferocious egoism, and that the thin hair leads to violent jealousy of a certain Mrs. Elvsted, whose hair is "unusually copious and wavy." So when Hedda describes Mrs. Elvsted as "She with the irritating hair, which she went about and made a sensation with," we are not surprised at the malicious outburst, though we may be at Mr. Gosse's English.

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There are, however, less flimsy reasons than those of capillary repulsion for Hedda's dislike of Mrs. Elvsted. The latter is, to use Hedda's (or Mr. Gosse's) expression, an "old flame" of Hedda's husband, George Tesman. She is also a new flame of Ejler Lovborg, George's most dangerous rival in a competition for a coveted professorship, while Ejler, in his turn, is an old flame of Hedda herself. It seems that Hedda has married George—a harmless, rather fatuous bookworm—merely in the hope of escaping from *tedium vite*. "The only vocation I have in the world," she says, "is to bore the life out of myself." The exercise of feminine jealousy comes as a welcome relief from boredom. Thea, *alias* Mrs. Elvsted, the lady with the irritatingly "copious and wavy" hair, has inspired Lovborg to write a book, which is understood to be an epoch-making work, though at present it is only in MS. Hedda, whose jealousy is exasperated to frenzy by Lovborg's description of this MS. as "the child—my child and Thea's," practically steals it, after inducing Lovborg to return to the old dissipated courses from which Thea had rescued him. She then throws it, sheet by sheet, into the fire, whispering—"Now I am burning your child, Thea!—you, with your curly hair!" And when Lovborg enters, distracted, not only by the loss of his work, but by the sudden ruin (through a drunken brawl with the police) of his professional prospects, Hedda hands him a revolver, telling him to shoot himself—"and do it beautifully." The story of Hedda's jealousy occupies three Acts of the play; the fourth, and last, brings the inevitable penalty. Lovborg is dead; "the child" is burned. But Hedda is not stricken with remorse. Ibsen is too great an artist for that; he shows us how the whole mischief worked by the woman is simply the necessary outcome of her own nature. ("You see, it takes me all of a sudden," she somewhere says, "and then I *can't* help doing it.") To Hedda's mind, the real catastrophe is that the mischief leaves her no better off than before. Rather the worse. Mrs. Elvsted has kept the notes of Lovborg's MS., and, with George's help, is going to reconstitute the work, as a monument to the dead man's memory. And Hedda finds that the boredom of her old life is likely to become degradation; for a certain Judge Brack, discovering that the pistol found on Lovborg's body is Hedda's, uses his knowledge as a threat to force her into a shameful intimacy. But she has another pistol left, and, putting it to her temple, she ends her miserable life.

The section of the English public, more noisy than numerous, who insist upon regarding Ibsen as a moralist rather than as a dramatist, will be sore put to it to find the moral of *Hedda Gabler*. More judicious persons, who recognise that the purpose of art is not to point morals, but to create impressions, will be content to accept the play as a picture of a peculiar type of *révoltée*, a dramatic study in mental pathology, a nineteenth-century tragedy. Its technical merits as a theatre-play even Mr. Gosse has not been able to conceal; but it will be time enough to discuss these when *Hedda Gabler* is seen, as, according to current rumour, it very soon will be, on the London stage.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYAN RACES.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS: AN ACCOUNT OF THE PREHISTORIC ETHNOLOGY AND CIVILISATION OF EUROPE. (Contemporary Science Series.) By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D., etc. London: Walter Scott.

IT is commonly said of scientific studies that hypotheses are fleeting and vain; in this they are contrasted with ethical and theological studies, whose dogmas are permanent. The closer observer sees, however, that of the hypotheses which win some assent few disappear without result. There is an ebb and flow in scientific discovery, but at every ebb some permanent truth is deposited. There can be no better illustration of this than the study of

ethnology, for in no department of knowledge have opinions risen, reigned, and fallen with more rapidity, and few of these opinions were barren. Dr. Taylor would be the first to appreciate the solid results of Dr. Max Müller's linguistic researches; Schrader could not have written the excellent treatise already reviewed in these columns, had not Pott and Schleicher disputed before him; nor could Geikie's work have been completed, had not Lyell led the way. *Magis exorietur veritas ex errore quam ex confusione*. The investigation of the origin of the nations of the West enforces this point of view in a remarkable manner: lying hid in the backward of time, the subject is dark enough for the incubation of many theories; but on the other hand, it lies open to many converging lines of study. Scarcely at first aware of a community of purpose, students of the earth's surface, of the relics of mounds and caves, of modern and ancient tools and weapons, of racial characters and customs, of languages and literatures, of myths, histories and tales, have now advanced within call, are correcting each other's work, and are building up a system of knowledge unattainable on one line of study. It is the merit of the book before us now almost for the first time to connect these many lines of inquiry in a way so clear and so masterly that we may read Dr. Taylor's pages not only for the net results they afford, but also as an interesting exposition of the course and methods of natural history. Dr. Taylor is himself an instance of the fact that philologists have hitherto taken the lead in ethnological discovery; whence, on the other hand, it comes that the province of language as a test and measure of national changes has been unduly extended. He himself, however, breaking through the limits of the mere philologist, urges the permanence of race against the mutability of language, and does not shrink from the possibility that the greater part of Europeans may be non-Aryan in blood though Aryan in speech. Anthropologists have pointed out that races run purer to type, owing to reversion and other causes, than is generally supposed, and that the early races of Europe were so distinct in their characters that probably only one of them could represent the primitive Aryan race; the rest may have been "Aryanised" by conquest or contact.

To elaborate the grammatical system of the primitive Aryan speech, not centuries only, but millenniums must have been required, during which time the people must have been homogeneous, similarly organised for utterance, and in constant intercommunication. Such conditions are satisfied, for example, in the case of the Turko-Tartaric hordes of Central Asia, who live a nomad pastoral life: and such a uniform state may have existed in former ages on the great central plain of Europe. Then, as agriculture and other causes tended to fix groups of men here and there, dialects would arise, and by natural selection some of these would become dominant tongues. It is reasonable enough to suppose that conquering tribes so diversified might have issued from Central Asia, and together or successively invaded Europe, and such a hypothesis has long directed investigation. Partly under the impression of the story of Babel, partly on *a priori* grounds of favouring climate, and partly on account of the archaic features of Sanskrit and Zend, scholars have assumed that Celts, Teutons and Slavs successively migrated into Europe from Asia, each wave driving another before it.

These opinions are, however, now shaken, and this on linguistic as well as on archaeological evidence. The antiquity of Sanskrit is an antiquity of literature, but not necessarily nor actually of speech. There are Aryan languages now spoken in Europe which present features more archaic than Sanskrit or Zend. Again, the relation of Sanskrit to the languages of Europe is one of collateral affinity and not of parentage, and the likenesses and unlikenesses between the languages of Europe and Western Asia are better explained by

supposing them to have grown up side by side than to have followed each other from one cradle in the East. We fail, moreover, to find in European languages words which in the East are used to signify a lion, a tiger, an elephant, a camel, a palm-tree, and so forth. Prehistoric archæology points in the same direction, and indicates a continuity of occupation in Europe from neolithic times to the present, although, of course, some tribes have waxed and others have waned. The people who inhabited the pile-dwellings of Central Europe seem to have been of the same race as those who have subsequently inhabited the neighbouring shores.

Anatomists distinguish four races of Europeans from neolithic times to the present. Two of these then occupied the borders of the continent, and two the centre. The two which occupied the borders, north and south, were long-headed; the southward, or Iberian race, of Mediterranean origin, were dark, oval-eyed, weak of chin and of frame, and still survive in those lands, and in districts of Wales and Ireland; the northward, or Scandinavian race, were yellow-haired, blue-eyed, powerful and warlike, and still inhabit the shores of the Baltic. The two races which occupied Central Europe were short-headed; the one squat and dark, the other big and rufous; the former the Celts of Cæsar, now distinguished as Ligurians, a receding race who probably then spoke Basque, and are now represented by Swiss, Savoyards and Auvergnats; the latter comprising Slavollettic, Gallo-German, Italic and Hellenic tribes, who spoke what we now call Celtic, and are represented in our own kingdom by the so-called "red Celt." The warlike Belgæ were of this race, other families of which in Central and Southern Europe had made great advances in intelligence and culture. Now, history generally tells us that it is not the conquering but the more civilised race whose language prevails; we therefore surmise that this race which persisted widely in Central Europe from neolithic times, which showed such capacities for war and statesmanship as did the Gauls, the Latins and the Hellenes, would probably impose its language upon neighbouring or intrusive peoples, and would thus be the means of tradition of any one speech from the times of the primitive, undivided nomads. The Iberians were too weak to count: the Scandinavians, as Normans, Burgundians and Goths, broke in war far and wide upon the nations of Europe, but failed to impose their language, and failed, for the most part, to establish their own civilisation; surviving only in subjugated lands as a "nobility" with the pursuits of the savage.

"Matthew Arnold's fair-haired 'young barbarians,' cricketers, deerstalkers or foxhunters, but destitute of intellectual tastes, are noble types of the Teutonic race, but they are not the 'children of light'" (p. 245).

Linguistic evidence points to a like conclusion. The kinship between Celtic and Latin is well known: the Greek language is more archaic; but the cognate Lithuanian presents a grammar of a still more elaborate form, and is, therefore, assumed to be a still nearer approach to the grammar of the undivided Aryans: more perfectly even than Greek, it has preserved the original inflexions and the original sounds. In the Teutonic, on the other hand, the type is extensively mutilated; partly, it would seem, by the organic inability of Teutons to utter some of its sounds, partly by their imperfect comprehension of it.

Finally, may we guess whence the primitive language itself derived? Certainly not from the Semitic, which is radically different. Probabilities point to its derivation from a Ural-Altaic source, for the most advanced of these languages—the Finnic—

"approaches the Aryan languages in requiring the adjective to agree with the substantive in number and case. Moreover, in the Finnic and Aryan languages the ultimate verbal roots are largely the same in sound and meaning; the pronominal and other formative elements are largely the same, and are used in the same way and with the same import" (p. 285).

It is admitted by all grammarians that in the Finnic the agglutinative type of speech presents marked signs of transition to the inflexionate. Slender as these hypotheses are, especially as regards the Slavs, yet they are useful as stimulants to farther inquiry. The value of Dr. Taylor's book is that it sums up, fairly and broadly, the arguments which now seem to stand mainly in favour of the "European" theory. But the last word is not yet spoken on the side of Asia. Johannes Schmidt, in a paper read to the Berlin Academy on March 20th, 1890, argues in support of our Asiatic origin, and herein on two grounds. Firstly, he contests the validity of that argument in favour of Europe which is based upon the absence of common words, signifying lion, palm-tree, camel, and so forth. The validity of this negative evidence has been challenged before, and it never appeared to us to be impregnable. Secondly, at great length and with much learning, he sets forth an argument—not new, but greatly reinforced—founded upon the intrusion of a duodecimal or sexagesimal system of numeration into the decimal system of the original Aryans.

That this admixture of systems exists in many European races is within the daily experience of the general reader, and is seen, for instance, in the use of 60 as a unit in many of our divisions both of time and space. Now the sexagesimal system derives from the pre-Semitic inhabitants of Babylonia; therefore the Teutons, for example, must have come from within the sphere of the influence of these Babylonians.

This question must be left to the study of specialists; we will only point out that Schmidt's arguments are chiefly directed against the opinions of Penka, which are not accepted by many scholars: still, they also have their force against the European hypotheses as held by others. If the alleged facts be true, says Schmidt, the European hypothesis falls to the ground.

Now philologists have declared so many points of this kind to be crucial—as, for instance, the naming of the eel or of the beech—that we commend the accuracy and industry of Schmidt's essay, without forgetting that the shadow of pedantry dogs the philologist. It is no longer said that the introduction of bronze signified an Aryan conquest of the neolithic peoples, and ideas, as well as metals, may spread widely by international traffic. We are disposed to forget how widely men ranged for food and barter in early times, especially before the development of agriculture, and that the distribution of precious substances, such as jade, or of customs and tales, need not provoke expressions of surprise or prove identities. By too minute attention to details, philologists may be tempted away from wider views of things, may lose insight into the resemblances of diverse phenomena, and forget the strength of arguments in association which, taken singly, may not be conclusive.

IONICA.

IONICA. London: George Allen. 1891.

For the republication of "Ionica," Etonians and scholars will be especially grateful. Much of the volume speaks only to a special class of readers. But no one who is glad to meet with true poetry in these days can fail to be thankful for this book. The translations of Horace may disturb the perfect scholar, delight the average man of small classical attainments, and to some others be almost unmeaning. It is not, however, upon these that the author's claims chiefly depend. His scholarship has never deprived him of his humanity. He is no cold pedant. If his verse has gained something of its delicacy and charm from the classical poets, it has never lost touch with the thought and the people of to-day. He can turn from his metrical rendering of a scene in the Hippolytus to the writing of a patriotic ballad. One page is full of the spirit of the ancient Greek, and another addresses a girl in a railway

carriage. But one quotation will do more to show what the quality of this author is than all criticism. The verses are familiar to many, but they will bear repetition:—

"Oh, earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
In after years, those happier years,
And children weep when we lie low,
Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

"Oh, true shall boyish laughter ring,
Like tinkling chimes, in kinder times!
And merrier shall the maiden sing;
And I not there, and I not there.

"Like lightning in the summer night
Their mirth shall be, so quick and free;
And oh! the flash of their delight
I shall not see, I may not see.

"In deeper dream, with wider range,
Those eyes shall shine, but not on mine;
Unmoved, unblest, by worldly change,
The dead must rest—the dead shall rest."

It is not only in these verses that the author gets so perfect an effect from a repeated phrase:—

"If I forego that strange delight,
Must all be lost? Not quite, not quite."

And again, in the same poem:—

"Vex not the lost with idle suit,
Oh, lonely heart—be mute, be mute."

The author's loneliness is the motive of much of his verse. He cries out for sympathy, and checks himself lest he become sentimental. He may draw near to sentimentality, but his sense of humour sends him away again. Side by side with passages of almost feminine tenderness are those which are marked by a strong and manly spirit. He can give the sympathy which he asks; he can give it equally to the modern child and to the dead pagan. "Mimmermus in Church" is probably one of the best known of the poems in this volume. It recalls the lines which preface the first story in "Plain Tales from the Hills":—

"To my own Gods I go.
It may be they shall give me greater ease
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities."

We have not the space for further quotation from this volume; but there is much in it which goes straight to the memory and fastens itself there. In one place we gather some perfect phrase, in another some stray couplet. Sometimes we can point out what the charm is; sometimes it is too subtle and elusive to be classed and ticketed by the ordinary man with the ordinary vocabulary, and we have to content ourselves with knowing it to be poetry. "Ionica" is a book of which it is pleasant to recollect much.

If, as is probable, another edition of these poems is required, there are several misprints which should be corrected. The Greek is disgracefully printed, but printers have always had a spite against Greek.

FICTION IN THREE SIZES.

1. JOHN SQUIRE'S SECRET. By C. J. Wills. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
2. JUST IMPEDIMENT. By Richard Pryce. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
3. A MYSTERY OF THE CAMPAGNA AND A SHADOW ON A WAVE. By Von Degen. One vol. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

As "John Squire's Secret" is the story of hidden treasure, it would hardly be fair to give its climax. Either the seekers find treasure or they do not find it. To remove the uncertainty on this point would be to destroy almost the only motive which could take a reader through the whole of these three volumes. The hero of the story is the usual "Jack," and his grandfather said, "And damme, sir, I mean it." One begins to think how many novels with heroes almost exactly similar have had irascible grandfathers who try to establish themselves as well-drawn characters on the strength of the occasional "Damme, sir." And how many Americans

have we met—in fiction—who were the exact counterpart of Abiram P. Skinner in this book? We can excuse the grandfather, because he is only a very minor character, but the American has a distinct part in the story, and is positively intolerable. Intolerable too is the playful badinage between the hero and his sister. Nor is it less intolerable that characters should have such proper names as Seamy-side and Potvaliant, or that we should be asked to read such bright and original dialogue as the following:

"And she told you to go to the devil, of course, sir."

"Not quite that, sir," replied Jack; "she told me to come to you."

When will this poor, broken-down, over-worked jest be allowed to fall on sleep? It has earned oblivion, if ever a jest did. We can say very little for the construction of the story; it will be obvious to any reader of average intelligence that it should not have occupied more than two volumes. The information which Dr. Wills has to give us about Persia may be accurate and may be interesting; but there is far too much of it. The reader is kept waiting, and his interest in the story gets cold. The style, especially when Dr. Wills gets chatty and confidential, is displeasing. On the whole, the chief merit of the book is that it deals with concealed treasure; there will probably be some readers who will consider that this gives it a sufficient claim on their attention. But for those who are weary of hidden treasure, weary of old and farcical characters, and weary of dull conventionality, "John Squire's Secret" will not, we think, have much attraction.

"Just Impediment" is far from being a perfect novel, but it is of a much higher class than "John Squire's Secret." Its author shows considerable brightness and spirit, and no ordinary power of observation and appreciation. One may guess, perhaps, long before the end of the story what the climax will be, what is the just impediment to the marriage of Lord Rutherford and Esther Wilton; but the interest of the book lasts easily through the whole of it. No story which can be considered as a literary performance lives by plot alone, and it is not in the plot of "Just Impediment" that Mr. Pryce shows the most originality, although the plot is very well managed, and is not too slight for the length of the book. He is at his best in depicting character. The hero, the heroine, and Miss Clare, are striking and life-like sketches. He can describe well; he can select the details which are most telling and most full of suggestion. And he has that attractive sense of humour which seems to be continually growing rarer among modern writers of fiction. The dialogue is fairly natural and yet readable. Yet this is not a perfect story. There are times when we find this author, who undoubtedly has originality in him, deliberately putting his originality on one side, and using some one or other of the conventional tricks. There are places where the taste is not quite admirable. And we think that the conclusion of the story would have been stronger if the last paragraph had been omitted. But, on the whole, "Just Impediment" decidedly deserves praise. It is full of promise, and we shall look forward to its author's next work.

The third volume of the Pseudonym Library is, on the whole, rather disappointing. There is so much in it which looks like originality, and yet so much which merely reminds us of Mr. Henry James. It contains two stories. The first opens fairly well, contains one weird and dramatic scene, and breaks down utterly in its conclusion. The second is more impressive and more artistic. The tendency of both stories is a little morbid. It cannot be denied, however, that in both we have glimpses of distinct quality. Both are better in execution than in conception. If this is a first work, it is satisfactory enough to justify a second; but the writing is not like the writing of a beginner.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE "Adonais" of Shelley has at length found its way into the Clarendon Press Series. It is a poem of the right length for such a purpose, and Mr. Rossetti is probably correct in regarding it as the most "popular" of the more ambitious works of Shelley. Moreover, apart from the lofty sentiments which pervade it, and its classical structure, it possesses a special interest because of the light which it casts on the character of Keats, and incidentally on that of Shelley himself. Mr. Rossetti has done good service by presenting in brief compass in his introductory sketch the chief facts which are known concerning "Adonais" itself, and Keats as its theme and Shelley as its author. He states that his aim in the elaborate critical notes which follow the text of the poem has been to illustrate and elucidate without travelling too far afield in search of remote analogies or discursive comment. The book also contains a brief memoir of Shelley and a careful bibliography of a poem which, whilst not its author's masterpiece, is unquestionably one of his greatest and most imaginative achievements.

Chit-chat and gossip about the "Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" is sure to interest a wide circle of readers. Politikos states that the information which he gives has been gathered from special and authoritative sources, but we confess to a little healthy scepticism on that score. Here and there, it is true, we have come across a shrewd verdict on men or movements, and occasionally we have found a sentence or paragraph which seems to justify, though only for a moment, the pretensions of the preface. In the main, however, there is remarkably little in the book which is new to well-informed students of contemporary politics, and in some instances—as, for example, the account which is given of the King of Sweden and his royal brother of Portugal—the sketches are surprisingly slight. Moreover, it is hardly fair to publish the book without stating candidly in the preface that about a dozen out of the score of biographical chapters of which the volume is made up have already appeared in print in the pages of a popular magazine. In our judgment, the most striking bit of portraiture in the book is that of the Emperor of Austria, who is justly described as the "most tragic figure amongst the living Sovereigns of the world." Some interesting side-lights on Court-life in Austria, Russia, Spain, and Italy, will be found in the book, and, on the whole, the gossip with which it is interspersed is sentimental rather than sarcastic. We are gravely assured by Politikos that in these "post-revolutionary days" even kings are weighed in the same balances and judged by the same standards as other men. We wish the statement was strictly true; but we are afraid, since flunkeyism and adulation die hard, especially in some of "the Courts of Europe," the day has not yet come when strict justice is meted out to monarchs. There are a few good portraits in the book, but we are inclined to resent Abdul Hamid's appearance, opposite the title-page.

Two small books of travel which merely call for passing notice are Mr. Russell's "Glimpses of Eastern Cities" and Mr. Levinsohn's "Story of my Wanderings in the Land of my Fathers." The first describes Arab life in Palestine at the present time, and gives a simple, straightforward account of modern Jerusalem, Damascus, and Ephesus. Mr. Russell also visited Egypt, and devotes a chapter to the Nile and its associations. In every case he appears to have consulted the chief authorities, and he gives not only the outcome of his own personal observations, but weaves into the picture with considerable skill the results of a good deal of reading. Mr. Levinsohn is a Russian Jew, and a convert to Christianity who has endured persecution in consequence of his change of faith. He is now, we believe, an Evangelist, and we gather from his little volume that it was in this capacity that he recently visited the Holy Land. He writes with simplicity and with a happy absence of intolerance towards those who have not been able to see their way to the same religious position as himself. The interest of this brief, unassuming record of personal work in the East is heightened by the manner

in which Mr. Levinsohn is enabled to throw light on the places he visited by his knowledge of the ancient customs and observances—social and religious—of his own people.

This year the "Metropolitan Year-Book" has been reduced in price, but the enlargement in the number of pages which was made twelve months ago is still retained. The work has been carefully revised and brought up to date, and the information on affairs municipal, local, commercial, social, ecclesiastical, and imperial, is not only clear and accurate, but remarkably well arranged. People who dwell within the metropolitan area, at all events, if they take the slightest concern in the larger life around them, will find the book of constant utility; whilst everybody in the land who wishes to acquaint himself with the complex and many-sided activities of the Metropolis could scarcely consult a more convenient and reliable book.

Eleven years have elapsed since the late Dean Church published that noble group of sermons and lectures delivered at Oxford and St. Paul's, to which he gave the title of "The Gifts of Civilisation." The book already ranks with the classic literature of the pulpit, and it reveals better, perhaps, than any other of his writings, the clear and far-reaching vision, the elevation of style and of spirit, and the precision and delicacy of thought, which met in the ministry of Dr. Church, and rendered it memorable in no common acceptance of the term. A new edition of the work has just appeared, and as we read it, it once more recalls, in its insight, felicity, and imaginative vigour, not only the great preacher himself, but the man who, more than any other, was his master, Cardinal Newman.

Another choice volume of the same kind has just reached us—"The Light of the World, and Other Sermons," by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, the eloquent rector of Trinity Church, Boston. Mr. Brooks is, in certain respects, the most remarkable of living American preachers, and he reminds us, more than any other man, on either side of the Atlantic, of Robertson of Brighton. These sermons bring out the characteristics of a ministry which is marked to a quite noteworthy extent by sweet reasonableness, broad human sympathies, a rare type of moral courage, and reverent faith.

Hendon is a parish which is full of historical and literary interest, but Mr. Evans has compiled a dry book on the subject. He dips too deeply—when the scale of the book is taken into consideration—into the history of property in the neighbourhood, and also devotes too much space to what may be termed the ecclesiastical annals of the locality. The parish church and its registers are, of course, of considerable importance to the student of history, but even here it is possible for an inexperienced hand to search not wisely but too well. As for the "district churches and chapels," they possess an almost purely local interest; nor do we think Mr. Evans well advised in his rather laboured allusions to the natural features, the topography, and the local government of Hendon. The outside world would have been grateful to him if he could have unearthed more about Cardinal Wolsey's association with the parish, or have told us a little more of Goldsmith's associations there, or have entered at greater length into David Garrick's residence as Lord of the Manor.

The twenty-one stories about "Wedding" might almost all have been the work of the same writer. Their common theme is the burden of the marriage yoke. In most of them the burden becomes intolerable, and a temporary rupture takes place between the husband and wife, ending in mutual forgiveness. The best story is "Dave's Wife," by Ella Wheeler. The warning it gives unobtrusively against ill-assorted marriages, even with enduring love, is one that has passed unheeded since the time of Socrates, to go no further back; but this volume might be found by many a good text-book for the lesson of forbearance, which married couples are being taught by the facts of life every day. The most comical story is one by Clarence M. Boutelle, in which a Mr. Ralf Pemberton, after he has been married thirty-five minutes, finds himself with four duels on hand. "Wedding" is a companion to "Wooing: Stories of the Course that Never did Run Smooth." Many of the pieces would make good public readings.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE question of the leadership of the Irish Party has advanced but little since we last wrote. MR. PARNELL endeavours to inspire his friends with the belief that he may yet triumph in his attempt to usurp the leadership; but both from America and Ireland accounts are received which make it abundantly evident that his strength is steadily waning. The Nationalist members are now making vigorous efforts to promote their cause, and they have arranged to hold counter-demonstrations to any which may be held by MR. PARNELL. Their daily newspaper will, it is hoped, appear in Dublin in a few weeks, and they are taking steps to recover possession of *United Ireland*. On the whole, their prospects—and therefore the prospects of Home Rule—are very encouraging. It is still to be observed that MR. PARNELL is the accepted candidate of the Tory and Unionist press, and that his chief backers in this country are the avowed enemies of Ireland.

WE comment elsewhere upon the debate of Monday night. It produced a clever speech from MR. BALFOUR, which had, however, the obvious defect of being no answer to the very formidable indictment framed by MR. MORLEY. Some newspapers which profess to hold Liberal views have gone out of their way to declare that this indictment is now valueless because it has ceased to interest the public. That is to say, however great the crimes committed by the agents of the Government in Tipperary last autumn may have been, it is not worth referring to them now because the average elector is more deeply interested in MR. PARNELL'S attempts to wreck Home Rule than in "the bottom facts" upon which the demand for Home Rule is founded. This only shows how completely ignorant of the real feeling in the country is the average critic of the London press. It is true that the evening papers cannot get sensational headings out of events that occurred some months ago in Tipperary. But it is no less true that the voters, in whose hands the issue at the next General Election will lie, trouble themselves little about the nightly sensations of the London newspapers, and are still—strange to say—interested in the oppression of the Irish people by Castle officials and an English Chief Secretary. And it is not the opinion of London, but that of the country, to which Ireland looks for help.

MR. PICTON and MR. BRUNNER, men whose devotion to the Irish cause has been too well attested to require vindication, have appealed to those members of the public who wish to send help to the distressed tenantry to forward their contributions through the Committee of the British Fund in aid of the Irish National Struggle. We trust that their appeal will not be made in vain. In ordinary circumstances most Englishmen, in a moment of emergency, would be ready to place their money in the hands of officials like the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary for distribution. But MR. BALFOUR has gone out of his way to make it clear to the world at large that he and LORD ZETLAND are not acting in their official capacity in connection with the fund they are now raising. It is a private fund, under private management, and not the slightest guarantee is offered to the subscribers that the funds will be distributed impartially or in sympathy with

Irish local feeling. In these circumstances, and without for a moment imputing bad motives to the Lord-Lieutenant and MR. BALFOUR, it certainly seems desirable that the friends of the Irish people should send their contributions through channels which are not absolutely out of sympathy with Irish feeling. We should hardly select a Primrose Dame as the person best fitted to distribute public charity among a body of starving labourers most of whom were Radicals.

No more satisfactory evidence of the progress of "social interest" in the House of Commons can be afforded than by the debate on MR. SYDNEY BUXTON'S proposal to eliminate sub-letting from Government contracts, and to insist on the payment of the rate of wages current in the trade, which is virtually, though not actually, the trade union rate. A week or so ago MR. PLUNKET appeared before the House as the defender of his interests in the London and North Western Railway. On this occasion he performed the very much more seemly function of interpreting the relations between the Government and the men who do its manual labour. Practically, MR. PLUNKET agreed to a rather more lawyer-like setting of MR. BUXTON'S motion, and promised to put a stop in future to any such contracts as those which have enabled middlemen to abstract 25 per cent. of the wages assigned to the workers. This is a slight—but only a slight—qualification of the good example which the London School Board and County Council have already set. As such, it is a victory for the new spirit in industrial life, which is all for fixing responsibility on the first employer, especially when that employer is in a department of the public service.

HOWEVER, from the point of view of progress in social reform, the most promising and significant movement of the week has been SIR JOHN GORST'S speech at Chatham. To the suggestion that the hours of dangerous undertakings should be supervised by the State, which should in all things aim at fulfilling the part of an ideal employer, SIR JOHN added the excellent suggestion of a Minister of Industry. The most important feature of his speech, however, was the indication it gave of a real desire to formulate and regularise the vague aspirations after a social programme which haunt both parties, but have found definite fruit with neither. Both sides, working together, might, if they could not lay the foundations of a new social order, pave the way for a humanising of industrial law. SIR JOHN has influence with his party; he has the advantage of international experience in like questions gained at the Berlin Conference: he is a specialist on one or two matters—why does not he move?

THE general dispute between the Shipping Federation and the Seamen's and Firemen's Union is interrupted by an armistice, though the particular conflict it has provoked at Cardiff is likely, as we write, to become acute. As regards London, on Friday of last week the representatives of the Union made proposals to the Federation, which replied by a manifesto which was extensively placarded in the City on Monday morning, sketching the history of the struggle, insisting on the unsettlement it has produced, and announcing that after Monday next the crews its members employ will be required to

undertake to serve with non-unionists if required, and to sign articles on board or at the shipping office according as the owners determine. The second point seems to be regarded as of minor importance, and the first was conceded by the Union on Tuesday evening, when the withdrawal was announced of the manifesto of December 5, which boycotted certain lines for refusing to comply with the Union demands. The block on certain vessels still continues, but as freights are low, and extensive preparations have been made to accommodate "free labour" in the London docks, and as the Union is far from containing all the men, its council will probably be wise to postpone the struggle. But their manifesto, reported to be in preparation as we write, seems very unlikely to be accepted by the Federation.

AT Cardiff the situation is still very grave. On Saturday the coal tipplers began to return to their work, and on Monday MR. TOM MANX called on SIR W. T. LEWIS, and tried to negotiate on their behalf. SIR W. T. LEWIS declined to recognise the Union, and, consequently, the tipplers began to come out again; the riggers and dockers may follow. A general strike is spoken of, and the tramway men are out for other reasons. The Barry and Penarth Docks may be blocked before this is published. The miner's attitude is doubtful, but the railway men will perhaps refuse to work coal trains, and extra police have been drafted into the town. "Smashing the Union" is always an expensive, and sometimes a dangerous, pursuit.

A LABOUR question of a very serious character has been settled in London during the present week in a manner which sets a good example both to employers and employed. Last December the London Society of Compositors presented a memorial to the master printers of the metropolis asking for an increase of weekly wages from 36s. to 40s., and a corresponding advance on piece-work. There was no high-handed refusal on the part of the masters to negotiate with the Union officials. On the contrary, they forthwith formed themselves into an Association, thus sharing with the men the benefits of organisation. The Association appointed a committee of seven practical master printers to meet a similar number of compositors, in order to discuss the questions at issue. For some weeks, this joint committee of masters and men has been meeting almost daily, and all the points involved in the revision of the scale of wages have been discussed in a most business-like manner on both sides. The result was that at the beginning of the present week both parties had agreed to a settlement, on the basis of a compromise, the wages being raised to 38s. per week. This settlement has since been ratified by a ballot of the men, the dispute has thus been arranged without ill-feeling on either side.

ON Monday—with the view, it was explained, of maintaining French *prestige* in the Levant—the French Chamber voted 500,000 francs in aid of the excavations to be undertaken at Delphi by the French School of Archæology at Athens, under the direction of M. HOMOLLE, who has conducted the excavations at Delos with signal success. The sum seems large, but the modern village covers all the ancient sites: the inhabitants, too—possibly fearing to raise ghosts—have hitherto been apt to cover up such excavations as have been made, so that they must be bought out. Of course the greatest works of art were removed by CONSTANTINE; but the number of small votive offerings must have been enormous, and the inscriptions formerly discovered have been extremely important, revealing, as they do, a common method of emancipating slaves in Greece by a sale to a god. Few historical sites can be more impressive than Delphi naturally, or more disappointing as regards visible antiquities. The

excavations will, at any rate, clear up the topography, and ought, besides, to lead to varied and probably very unexpected archæological discoveries.

Is the last Whitechapel murder the work of the professional butcher known as Jack the Ripper? That is a question which has interested many persons during the present week. Of course, if SADLER, the man now in custody, is shown to be the murderer, it will be impossible to attribute it to the fiend who has added a new horror to life in the East End of London, for SADLER is unquestionably not Jack the Ripper. But there are grave doubts in the minds of the authorities as to the guilt of SADLER, and if that unlucky person's innocence should be established, it is the belief, both at Scotland Yard and the Home Office, that only one other person can have committed the murder. In other words, the official view is that this is the latest of Jack the Ripper's crimes, and that it was only the accident of the appearance of the policeman upon the scene before the unhappy victim was actually dead, that prevented the horrible mutilation characteristic of the previous crimes.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week; but there has been a considerable rise in the value of money in the outside market, owing, mainly, to the repayment by the Bank of England to the Bank of France of the three millions obtained last November. For the week ended Wednesday night the bullion held by the Bank decreased over a million. It is believed also that the Bank has been borrowing in the open market upon consols, and the revenue collections are now large. In consequence the rate of discount in the open market rose to 2½ per cent., and Treasury bills were placed early in the week at but a trifle under 2 per cent. The discount houses and bill-brokers, too, finding money scarce, have raised the rates they allow on deposits to 1½ per cent. for money at call and 1¼ per cent. for money at notice. The silver market is very weak, the price having fallen to 44½d. per oz. It is believed that no Silver Bill will pass Congress this Session, and as there is a large accumulation of the metal in the United States the holders have become alarmed and are selling at the best prices they can get. In consequence the price at one time declined in New York to 97½, a fall of about 24 per cent. since the early part of September. Silver securities have declined with the price of silver. Rupee paper, for example, is about as low now as it was any time last year, the fall since the beginning of September being over 20 per cent.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange is as slack as ever. There is absolutely no speculation; and though there is a fair amount of investment business the majority of brokers and dealers complain that they are doing less than even at the worst time last year. The dispute in the shipping trade, threatening to disturb every industry in the country, has added to the general stagnation. Besides, the negotiations for an arrangement of the Argentine debt have not yet been resumed, and the condition of the Republic is growing worse and worse. The news from Chili is very disquieting; and although there is a prospect that the Brazilian Congress may assert itself, and put an end to military domination, the state of Brazil is causing uneasiness. The fall in silver, too, is once more disturbing the trade of all silver-using countries. And distrust has not yet been completely allayed. It is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that business will remain exceedingly dull upon the Stock Exchange for some considerable time longer. The largest private discount house has this week been converted into a limited liability company, but the shares are retained by the old partners. Another discount firm has amalgamated with the Union Discount Company. And the Capital and Counties Bank has absorbed a country bank.

"JUSTICE" AT TIPPERARY.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech on Monday night has been hailed with the usual outburst of applause from the familiar *claque*. It was "brilliant," it was "incisive," it was "unanswerable," say the critics who have said the same things so often before with regard to the same performer. It is not for us to dispute the assertions of Mr. Balfour's friends, for after all there is no disputing about taste, and that which seems a very poor piece of work to one man may be precious as the handiwork of Botticelli in the eyes of another. But, after all, whatever else Mr. Balfour's speech may or may not have been, it had one fatal defect. It was not an answer to the indictment preferred against the Ministry by Mr. Morley. Indeed, it did not even pretend to be an answer. The Chief Secretary, challenged to defend one of the gravest acts of his administration, declined to meet the challenge, and sought to escape from the challenger under cover of a cloud of dust. Incidentally, he threw not a little light upon his own character and his fitness to discharge the supremely difficult and delicate task now entrusted to him. There was, for example, a striking passage in his speech, in which he deliberately repeated the charge he had already brought against Mr. Morley of having "garbled" a letter written by Colonel Caddell. The facts about this alleged garbling are not in dispute, and even the dullest person in the House of Commons knows that there is absolutely no foundation for the slander uttered by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Morley quoted Colonel Caddell's letter in the form in which it appeared in every newspaper in which it was published on a certain Monday morning. On the following Tuesday it appeared in a slightly different form in the *Times*. The Chief Secretary positively holds that any man who quotes a letter in any other form than that in which it appears (a day after the fair) in the *Times* is guilty of "garbling" it. There is no need to spend time in arguing this strange point; but we confess that it is amazing to find that a man who prides himself so much as Mr. Balfour does upon his ability as a dialectician, should cling so stubbornly to a contention as absurd as it is unmannerly.

The challenge which Mr. Balfour did not meet is a very grave one. Never, indeed, has a more serious accusation been formulated against a Ministry by a leading member of the Opposition. In the first place, Mr. Morley showed that Colonel Caddell at the Tipperary trials had behaved in an illegal manner, and had been guilty of acts of inexcusable violence. A panic-struck police officer refuses, in defiance of the law, to admit the public to a Court-house in which an important trial is taking place, and permits his constabulary to commit a series of brutal assaults upon a number of persons who are behaving in a perfectly legitimate manner. This is the charge which Mr. Morley makes, and he makes it not upon hearsay, but upon the testimony of his own senses. Not a word can Mr. Balfour say in reply to the charge, except by way of a silly sneer at Mr. Morley for having been in Tipperary at all. Mr. Balfour is hard to satisfy. He was at that moment, it must be remembered, an absentee dictator. He had neglected to visit Ireland for months at a stretch. He had given the police a free hand, and had persistently associated himself with them whenever a charge of any kind was brought against them. In these circumstances a man in the front rank of politics, an ex-Minister of the Crown, goes to Ireland to see for himself how Mr. Balfour's deputies are doing their work in Mr. Balfour's absence. His reward is to be sneered at and reviled by the Chief Secretary for being where he had no business to be! The electors may be

safely left to pronounce between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley upon this point.

It is not the police rioting at Tipperary on a particular day, however, but the whole character of the proceedings in connection with the prosecution of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, on which Mr. Morley bases his indictment. He charges Mr. Balfour with having delayed the prosecution until he saw that, for reasons quite apart from the alleged offences of the defendants, it became desirable to prosecute them. They were about to go to America; the Irish Secretary wished to prevent them, and he accordingly instituted proceedings against them on account of speeches delivered many months before. Mr. Morley further asserts that they were sent before two removable magistrates, one of whom was notoriously at personal enmity with them. We need not dwell upon this charge, because it is practically admitted by the Chief Secretary. Mr. Morley appealed to the House to say whether the selection of Mr. Shannon to sit in judgment upon Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon was anything better than a prostitution of a tribunal, and the House of Commons answered his appeal with cheers. There has never been even an attempt at an excuse for this grave blunder—almost the worst committed by Mr. Balfour since he entered upon office. If he had been determined to bring the prosecution into contempt, and to justify all honest men in looking upon the conviction of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien as an odious burlesque of justice, he could have taken no more effectual means to secure his end. Upon this point also Mr. Morley can well afford to await the final decision of the English electors. One other point on which the electors will have to pronounce is the official warning given by a Constabulary officer to Mr. Dillon before he began his address to his constituents. Mr. Dillon had not spoken a word; yet this officer had the insolence to inform him that if he said anything which in his opinion was illegal, the police would at once disperse the meeting. If a similar outrage were to be committed on any English platform, upon a leading English politician, the Ministry which defended the act would be hurled from office within a week.

Mr. Balfour had nothing to say in reply to Mr. Morley. Sufficient for him is the fact that he has Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien under lock and key, and that he is able to inflict upon them a thousand nameless indignities and acts of petty persecution. He knows that even in the present House of Commons, and even on the Conservative benches, the belief of all but a handful of intemperate fanatics is that Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien are two honourable men, to whom not the slightest taint of criminality attaches; he knows that when the period of imprisonment to which his specially selected tribunal has sentenced them expires, they will come out of prison not only to take a leading place in the House of Commons, but to be received everywhere with honour and respect. And yet he affects to believe that he has the approval of the country in his police policy of "don't-hesitate-to-shoot," in his judicial policy of packed tribunals where the personal enemies of public men are requested to sit in judgment upon them, and in his Imperial policy of stifling free speech by threatening Members of Parliament at the very moment when they are about to address their constituents. There are not a few people who have been surprised at the fact that even Mr. Parnell's outrages upon decency have failed to shake the determination of the electors of Great Britain to change the whole system under which the government of Ireland is now administered. We venture to say that a perusal of the speeches of Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour last Monday will remove all reason for that feeling of surprise.

THE EXTENSION OF THE FACTORY ACTS.

THE debate in the House of Commons on Sir Henry James's Bill to amend the Factory Acts enables us to form some judgment upon the gain and loss which have resulted from the delay in dealing with this question. Two years ago, the revelations of the House of Lords Committee on Sweating filled everyone with horror and disgust. Public opinion would have supported, for the moment, any kind of legislation which promised to put an end to the dark places of our industrial system. But the Lords were impatient for their holiday, and refused even to consider their report until the spring. Another session passed away without action, and the public interest turned from Darkest England to Darkest Africa. The horrors of the Rear Guard effaced those of the sweater's den.

Meanwhile the real study of the question had been going quietly on, and the result is very strikingly seen in the order-book of the House of Commons. To the pious aspirations of the Lords' Report, and the vague generalities of the sentimentalist, has succeeded the more arid but also more practical drafting of Bills of repulsive technicality. "Sweating" by Government departments has already been formally abolished, and we may take heart to attack the greater evils beyond. Two years ago we might have secured an emotional triumph; now there is a chance of a practical reform.

The member for Bury was lucky enough to secure for the Bill of the textile trade-unionists the honours of first place; but this particular measure is of less importance in connection with the general amendment of the Factory Acts than any of its rivals. The Lancashire men have, indeed, characteristically ignored the existence of every other industry than their own, and Sir Henry James's Bill has been drafted with exclusive reference to the cotton trade. But the improvement of factory ventilation and a reduction of the period of manufacture of textiles by half an hour a week hardly covers what is required in the way of amendment of the Factory Acts, and the House naturally failed to keep out of view the more general proposals on the subject.

Of these more general proposals there are now four before Parliament: the Government Bill just distributed; two Bills introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Thring and Lord Dunraven respectively; and one laid before the House of Commons by Mr. Sydney Buxton. Mr. Baumann has not yet reintroduced his Bill of last session. Among these rival measures, not even excluding that of the Home Office, there can be no doubt that Mr. Sydney Buxton's is the best. It alone covers, with almost over-scrupulous detail, the whole ground of the existing Act, and most of the proposals in the other Bills are included in its fifty-five clauses.

Nevertheless, the amendment of the Factory Acts is emphatically one in which a multitude of counsellors is desirable, and Lord Dunraven's Bill, in particular, contains some useful proposals not pressed in that of the Member for Poplar. The Government Bill falls behind both of these measures, both in comprehensiveness and in probable efficacy. But the whole subject is to be referred to the Standing Committee on Trade, and we hope that all five measures will be treated as at any rate informally before the Committee.

The evils disclosed by the evidence before the House of Lords Committee were connected almost entirely with defective sanitation and excessive hours of labour, either in the smaller workshops or in the workers' homes. The factory inspector has hitherto failed to do for the workers in these places what has long since been accomplished in the

well-organised textile industries. Two generations ago the textile industries were in no better state than the "sweated" trades are now. Every horror of the last inquiry can be paralleled from those more famous blue-books, which have created a world-wide factory legislation. From that state the textile industries have been raised by an ever-growing efficiency of factory regulation and inspection. The problem to-day is how to extend that effective regulation and inspection to the very different conditions of the crowded workshops of the metropolis and the chain and nail forges of the Black Country.

No great extension of the scope of the Factory Acts is, indeed, either necessary or possible. These Acts already apply nominally to every place where any kind of manufacturing labour is carried on. The factory inspectors ought, even now, to visit every such place, whether it be the foul yard of a fur-puller or the one room of a family sewing neckties for a livelihood. But, by various intricate exemptions, the provisions of the existing law effectively apply only to workshops where women and children are employed for hire. Many even of these remain unknown to the inspector, and, in practice, the "domestic workshop," like the workshop for men only, the bakehouse, and the forges or standing places of the nail workers, are not visited at all.

How is this inspection to be effected? The Home Office shrinks appalled from the task of registering and inspecting the thousands of small workshops in London, Glasgow, and some other cities. Some help can be got from the employer, as regards home work. All four Bills concur in the clause taken from the Victorian Factory Act, which requires the employer to keep a register of the persons to whom he gives out work. Mr. Buxton alone endeavours to make this register accurate by giving the workers themselves and the secretary of their trade union the right to inspect it. The difficulty comes in providing for the registration and inspection of the workshop itself. This is the real *crux* of the problem.

Now, in dealing with this problem there are a variety of suggestions. Mr. Matthews proposes to have men's workshops inspected like the others, but to leave domestic workshops to the extremely tender mercies of the Local Sanitary Authority. Lord Thring goes further, and would virtually exempt from the Factory Acts all places where fewer than fifty people are employed, and throw upon the Local Sanitary Authority the duty of looking after these smaller workshops, which comprise nine-tenths of the whole. Lord Dunraven would leave the inspection to the Home Office, but throw upon the local authority the duty of registering every factory and workshop within its area. Mr. Baumann last year left the Home Office to grapple with both registration and inspection. Mr. Buxton also takes this line, but, by two remarkable provisions, proposes to enable the Home Secretary, in areas of special difficulty, to transfer the registering of workshops to the Town or County Council; and if he chooses to do so, to hand over the whole administration of the Acts to one or more Boards of Commissioners acting for particular localities.

It may not improbably turn out that Mr. Buxton's ingenious clauses, derived, we believe, from a suggestion of Mr. David L. Schloss, point to the best solution of the difficulty. The task of putting into order the Augean stable of the East End domestic workshop is one from which Mr. Redgrave may well shrink. The registration at Whitehall of every workshop in the kingdom is obviously impossible. On the other hand, to transfer the whole matter to the London Vestries is simply to decide that nothing at all shall

be done. Bethnal Green and Shoreditch, with their one or two sanitary officers apiece, cannot even administer properly the sanitary powers which they at present possess. Many of the provincial municipalities would be little more likely to prove drastic administrators of a factory law. To tell the sweated tailoress to appeal to the local inspector of nuisances, is virtually to bid her despair. When Lancashire was, in this matter of industrial degradation, as badly off as London is now, its salvation was not found in the local sanitary officer, but in the inspector from Whitehall.

Nevertheless, it would be unnecessary to extend to the whole country that complete registration and minute inspection which the present state of East London and some other places admittedly demands. It is undesirable, moreover, to supersede, by a centralised administration, what can eventually be quite well managed by efficient local authorities. What is needed is to overtake the arrears of past neglect, and tide over the interval before the establishment of District Councils. One or two special Boards of Commissioners might well be entrusted for a term, say, of five years, with the general administration of the Factory Acts in particular areas where the need of reform is most pressing and its difficulty greatest.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is the greatest personality on the American continent. No leader has maintained his leadership so long as he, or has had more political triumphs. For close upon half a century he has occupied a position in public life, and has been associated with every popular movement in Canada. For over twenty years he has been at the head of the Government, and can point to an imposing catalogue of measures which he has carried. During his reign—for reign it has been—a dozen Presidents have played their rôle at Washington, disappeared from the political stage, and with hardly an exception ceased to be remembered. His career as a statesman has been remarkable in many ways, and the present election will either add lustre to his many successes, or end his long tenure of the Premiership.

What are the causes of Sir John's remarkable success as a leader and a statesman? First, he is a man of undoubted ability and abnormal activity. He is bold, ambitious, and audacious in his policy—quick at gauging public opinion, and at seizing on a favourable gale to sail into office. He is a born wire-puller, and is unmatched as an electioneering agent. He is not over-scrupulous as to the methods he adopts so long as they lead to victory. His career has been dominated by a desire to give Canada an independent policy, and to promote the Imperial interests of Great and Greater Britain, so long as the pursuit of these objects did not jeopardise his chances of success, for his main object has always been to keep in office.

In spending public money for the development of the Dominion—in railways, canals, harbours, and other improvements—he has always calculated the political effects of the expenditure on his party. Apart from politics, Sir John enjoys a wide popularity in Canada. It is part of his policy to identify himself with the interests of all classes of the people. He patronises popular pastimes, "inaugurates" a toboggan slide, attends a church festival or Sunday-school picnic. He tries to please different religious sects by taking a turn round all the churches. He

is venerated by a large section of the people who take no active part in politics. When he first attained eminence he was popularly known as "John A.," as a mark of familiar respect, and to distinguish him from many other members of the Macdonald family who hold public office in Canada. Since his knighthood he has been christened "Sir John." His admirers have tried hard to fasten "Grand Old Man" on him, but the name will not stick. He has no points of resemblance to the Grand Old Man, but he bears a striking likeness to Mr. Gladstone's great opponent—Lord Beaconsfield. Sir John likes to be known as the Canadian Disraeli. His policy, his methods, and his appearance resemble Dizzy's. His face is almost a counterpart of Beaconsfield's—down to the curl on the forehead. He has Beaconsfield's wonderful gift of party management, and the same facility of keeping his own counsel until his plans are fully developed. He belongs also to the Jingo school of politicians, and is daring and often unscrupulous in his tactics.

Sir John was very young when his father emigrated from Scotland and settled in Kingston, Ontario, where the future statesman commenced life as a lawyer. He soon earned a reputation at the law, and then entered public life. He was returned to the Canadian Parliament in 1844, and in three years was a member of the Cabinet, and it was not long before he proved his strength as an administrator and was at the head of the Government. His first conspicuous service to Canada was his advocacy of Confederation. After it was accomplished in 1867, he returned to office. He then advocated the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which would complete the unity of Canada which Confederation had begun. It was discovered, however, that his Government had entered into a conspiracy with the promoters of the company, who undertake to supply the party with money for the next election, if certain concessions were granted. The Government in fact were bribed. They were driven from office, the Liberals were returned by an enormous majority, and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie became Premier. This ought to have been enough to terminate Sir John's political career, but he took his reverse calmly and waited his time. He had not long to wait. During the years between 1873 and 1878, when Mr. Mackenzie was in office, there were loud complaints of depression in trade. The manufacturers wanted the Liberals to raise the tariff; they refused, but Sir John came forward with alacrity to serve them. Although he had lowered the tariff when he was in office before, he had no scruples about raising it again. He then expounded his "National Policy," and was again returned to power. His "National Policy," which he has been operating on ever since, consists of a stiff dose of Protection all round, subsidies to railways and steamship lines, and the execution of public works. Under his adroit management, the N.P., as it is called, has kept his party in power. Where party allegiance was giving way, he sent a new railway into the district, or weakened one of his opponents' strongholds by projecting some public work. This was his system of refined electoral bribery. He has also subsidised the Press very freely by a judicious distribution of Government printing and advertisements. It is this "National Policy" which has kept him afloat since 1878, but now Canada is staggering under it, and he will not trust to its unaided support. Many suspect that the wily old wire-puller has only taken up the cry of reciprocity in order to win this election, and that after he is returned to office he will continue the same restrictive and wasteful policy which he has practised during the last thirteen years.

THE CHILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE struggle in Chili threatens to be bitterer and more protracted than was at first expected. President Balmaceda has given evidence of more energy than he was credited with, and his opponents have not as yet fully availed themselves of the advantages they possessed. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the President and Congress have been in conflict from the beginning of his administration; that Ministry after Ministry has been driven from office—the average life of his Cabinets having been only two or three months; and that last summer civil war seemed almost imminent. The immediate cause of the quarrel then was the President's interference in the electoral campaign just beginning, for the purpose of securing the election as President of a nominee of his own. After a while a reconciliation was effected. President Balmaceda promised to refrain from interference in future, and a "Conciliation Cabinet" was appointed. But very soon the President broke his promise, the Cabinet resigned, and a fresh quarrel broke out. Congress was called together, but, as the President was obstinate, it refused to pass the Budget. The President issued a proclamation informing the people that he was prevented by Congress from exercising his Constitutional duties, that he was resolved to maintain intact all his rights, and that he would collect the taxes although the Budget had not been voted. Thereupon a Manifesto, signed by the Vice-President of the Senate and the President of the Deputies, was issued, in which the President was declared to have been guilty of a breach of the Constitution, to have lost the right to public obedience, and to have made himself a Dictator. It called upon the army and navy to support Congress; in particular it ordered a naval Division to be organised for the purpose of impressing upon the President obedience to the Constitution, and appointed Captain Monti commander of the Division. To this the President replied in another Manifesto, in which he declared himself Dictator, promised the army an increase of pay of 25 per cent. if it would remain faithful to him, and added that the families of all soldiers who fell in his defence should receive full pensions. He followed this up by arresting most of the Congressional leaders, and by removing from command every officer in whom he could not trust. A few of the Congressional leaders took refuge on board a man-of-war, and the fleet generally declared in their favour; but at first the army took sides with the President.

As far as we can gather from the meagre information that reaches us, it would seem that the President's supporters are most numerous in Santiago and Valparaiso, while the Opposition is strongest in the North. The foreign element is especially powerful in the nitrate and guano districts of Tarapaca, and the foreign element is decidedly hostile to the President. There the Congressional leaders first found their greatest support. They blockaded the ports, they collected a considerable force on land, and after a while they seem to have obtained some considerable successes. The early engagements were evidently indecisive, but during the past week or two the Presidential forces would seem to have suffered heavy reverses. More recently the revolution has extended to the Southern provinces, and there also it is now seemingly getting the upper hand. If the telegrams which reach us from Buenos Ayres are to be trusted, it would seem that both the North and the South are largely in the hands of the revolutionists, that even some of the soldiery have deserted from the President, and that the troops that have remained staunch

to him have suffered heavy reverses; but he is still in full possession of Santiago and Valparaiso and the districts immediately surrounding. The reasonable inference is that though the President has lost some ground, he is yet far from being defeated, and consequently the probability would appear to be that the struggle will be protracted for some time yet. The wealth and intelligence of the country, there appears no reason to doubt, are on the side of Congress; with the exception of three ships the navy has declared for it, and of late division has crept into the army, and numerous desertions have taken place. But the bulk of the army still remains faithful to the President. He can count confidently upon the armed police, numbering about 2,000 men, and apparently the populace of Santiago adheres to him. His principal difficulty is, perhaps, a pecuniary one. It is said that the German bankers who some time ago contracted to make a loan for railway purposes, the money to be paid as the lines were constructed, have refused to pay up the instalments on the ground that they would probably be used to defray the expenses of the struggle. The native bankers to whom the President applied for assistance are also reported to have refused contributions, and in consequence he has been obliged to issue a large amount of inconvertible paper—it is said twelve millions of dollars.

In the meantime private telegrams received in the City, in Liverpool, and New York, report that all trade is suspended, that there has been great destruction of property, including the railways; that the nitrate works are abandoned, and that there is extreme distress. If strife continues the distress will grow deeper and deeper. Both sides will have to expend large sums of money, which will increase ultimately the debt of the country; and the issue of inconvertible paper, which has already taken place, has further greatly depreciated the currency. A late telegram informs us that an application has been made to the Diplomatic Body in Santiago to mediate, but we are not told from which side the application comes, or indeed whether either side is willing to enter into negotiation. It is greatly to be feared that neither side is. A little while ago, perhaps, the Congressional party would have welcomed mediation, for the unexpected energy displayed by the President gave him at first so great an advantage that it looked as if he would carry all before him. Now, however, the tide is so far turned that the Congressional party has, doubtless, recovered courage; and it is unlikely, therefore, that they will enter into negotiations just when their prospects of success are improving. On the other hand, the President would probably lose if he were to hesitate. The likelihood, then, would seem to be that the struggle must go on until one side or other has completely succeeded. And there can be little doubt that, if so, victory will ultimately rest with the Congressional party. But though the defeat of the President seems probable, it can hardly be expected soon. He is energetic and determined. He is supported by a disciplined force; and his lieutenants are able and daring. The danger is that he may protract the struggle until he exhausts the resources of the country.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON.

THE discussion in these columns on the improvement of London has already shown that it will never do to wait for the initiative of Government. Only an active public opinion can bring about any real change. The movement must come

from the governed to the governing bodies, from the circumference to the centre. Those who have to live in town must insist on having town made fit to live in. Every day adds some thousands to the populations of our cities by taking those thousands from the country. The country gains in charm by the process, but the town grows too fast to grow well. The new society mentioned by Mr. Shaw Lefevre might usefully undertake to exhibit this grievance in detail. London is so vast that we can hardly take a bird's-eye view of its deformities. Among the things not generally known, is surely the fact that the private gates, bars, rails, posts, and walls that stop the way in our metropolitan thoroughfares are between two and three hundred in number. Mr. Howard Vincent, who has taken commendable pains in this matter, once gave himself the trouble to have them counted. There are, or were quite a short time ago, 30 of these obstructions in St. Pancras; 12 in St. George's, Hanover Square; 20 in St. Mary's, Islington; 16 in St. Giles', Camberwell; 27 in Wandsworth; 36 in Fulham. These things especially puzzle the intelligent foreigner. They disgust him as well, and this, perhaps, is the reason why we so seldom have the benefit of his strictures. There is a very excellent substitute for him in the Englishman who has long lived abroad. To come back to London from some French or Austrian or Italian city, or from trim Geneva or from magnificent Brussels is too depressing with the sense of contrast. Ouida has told us how London strikes her. She finds it like a third-rate capital, for in no part does its architecture correspond with the number and beauty of its antiquities, the rank and fortune of many of its landlords and tenants, and the splendour of the arts gathered in its galleries. The basements are especially odious to her. The Latin nations, amongst whom she has so long lived, are not cave-dwellers like the Germanic race. In Germany, and even in Russia, many of the shops are in the cellars; and in England we still put the kitchens on that level. According to Ouida, "nothing but the soul of a black beetle" can possibly delight in such habitations. She deplores the want of fine prospects. She admits there is something pretty in the view from Carlton Gardens, and from the Serpentine across the bridge, but, with these exceptions, she holds that we have nothing to compare with the studied beauty of the vista in the Place de la Concorde or in the Piazza del Popolo. Regent Street is vulgar and commonplace; the houses are too low, and most of the shops too small. The palaces of Grosvenor Place she regards as decidedly more depressing "than any collections of cells on the solitary confinement system." The halls and the staircases of our mansions are, for the most part, mere tunnels leading to ladders; they are seldom designed as distinct architectural features of the building. London interiors owe most of their charm to the people within them, and to the mere details of furniture; but this, of course, the multitude can never see. "When the beauty and wealth of a great society are displayed in its architecture, in its gardens, in its public pageantries and festivals, then the body of the public is a sharer in and gainer by them. What is left of beauty in London is wholly shut away behind the iron gates of court-yards and the hall-doors of noble mansions."

Mr. William Morris has long since said much the same thing in his own way. He does not think it right, however, to compare London with Venice, which is still a mediæval city, or with Florence, modernised as it is. The proper object of comparison is Paris, which is now entirely modern, and, like London, "is not a mere makeshift accessory

to a city of workshops, or an encampment of capitalists and their machines." Mr. Morris thinks that, while other ugly cities may be rougher and more savage in their brutality, none are so desperately savage, so irredeemably vulgar, as London. He can hardly express in words the feeling with which this "cockney nightmare" burdens him. He is for very strong measures, among them for taking away all the railings of the square gardens and throwing them open to the public. What grass is left in them should be fenced, as it is in Paris. Mr. Henry James is the intelligent foreigner and the thorough Londoner at the same time. While his admiration for London is unbounded, he can hardly find words to express his sense of its occasional gloom. In a memorable paper in the *Century* he has told us of his first impressions of the "rather horrible" drive from Euston after dark, "through dusky, tortuous miles, in the greasy four-wheeler." The effect was no better when he was settled in his lodgings. "A sudden horror of the whole place came over me like a tiger-pounce of home-sickness which had been watching its moment." London seemed hideous, vicious, cruel, and, above all, overwhelming. "In the course of an hour I should have to go out to my dinner, which was not supplied on the premises, and that effort assumed the form of a desperate and dangerous quest. It appeared to me that I would rather remain dinnerless than sally forth into the infernal town." The moral compensations which, as a student of manners, Mr. James subsequently finds in the very immensity and variety are not to our present point. He admits that he has to forget a good deal before he can attain to a kindly mood. "The uglinesses, the 'rookeries,' the brutalities, the night aspects of many of the streets, the gin-shops, and the hour when they are cleared out before closing—there are many elements of this kind which have to be counted out before a genial picture can be painted." It is possible to have too much even of London as a microcosm. London "overwhelms you by quantity and number and ends by making human life by making civilisation appear cheap to you. Wherever you go, to parties, exhibitions, concerts, private views, meetings, solitudes, there are already more people than enough on the field. How it makes you understand the high walls with which so much of English life is surrounded, and the priceless blessing of a park in the country, where there is nothing animated but rabbits and pheasants, and, for the worst, the importunate nightingales."

Mr. Hyndman, oddly enough, Socialist as he is, has a good deal to say in favour of the place, perhaps because he was born and bred in it. In London he feels himself to be the citizen of no mean city. He neither fears London with Cromwell, nor hates it with Cobbett. He thinks the Thames Embankment, the Underground Railway, the Holborn Viaduct, Northumberland Avenue, and the India Office, much to be thankful for, and so they are. As for the street architecture, he only notices it to show how much it has been changed for the better. He notes with pleasure and with hope that a great change is taking place in regard to all these things among the people who live in London. They are beginning to claim rights of beauty as well as rights of way. This is our present point: Londoners should be made to see, not only what they have, but what they might have, and to feel the healthy craving for salvation in fine buildings and broad thoroughfares. We want a larger Kyrle Society, which should endeavour to bring beauty not only into the home, but into the street. At present the demand comes by accident, and it is no part of the human claim. A new thoroughfare is

held to be sufficient if it is a little less crooked and a little wider than the thoroughfares it has replaced. Nothing will serve, as we have already said in these columns, but an attempt to regard the city as a whole, to plan out all its improvements in relation to some general scheme, and to centralise authority in regard to the scheme so as to ensure a general adhesion to it in every contemplated change. At present London merely grows; but there is all the difference between growing like a garden, and growing like a wild.

ON GREEN BENCHES.

THE process of moralising the House of Commons is a slow one, but it makes fair progress. Three years ago, at all events, it would have been impossible to conceive that it should have had two such discussions as those which marked Mr. Buxton's proposal to abolish sub-letting in Government contracts and Sir Henry James's Factory Act Amendment Bill, with Mr. Matthews's and Mr. Buxton's Bills lying snugly in the background to vex the souls of the champions of *laissez faire*. Not that the atmosphere was quite sympathetic. The Lancashire manufacturers did not like Sir Henry James's measure. Mr. Hoyle, after a rather solemn little history of the Factory Acts, protested unsuccessfully against an extension of the powers of the inspectors, and on the Conservative side there were one or two fierce spurts of opposition. Nevertheless, even Mr. Cunningham Graham, limping sardonically in the background, like the evil genius of capitalism, and smiling on the scene with his best new Mephistophelian air, must have reflected that times were changing somewhat from their old complexion. The change was even more apparent in the debate on Mr. Buxton's motion. Mr. Buxton put his case with singular modesty, knowledge, and tact, and it was a real pleasure to note in him the revival of the characteristic family merits of thoroughness, industry, and hard-headedness. With the exception of Mr. Norris, who is in a somewhat delicate way as to the labour question (and as to his seat as well), the motion was welcomed with open arms on both sides. Mr. Plunket, in place of purring apologetics for the overwork of railway men, cooed a virtual acceptance of Mr. Buxton's proposal through an amendment admirably enforcing the points on which the Royal Commission on Sweating were most insistent. The audience on both sides was a fairly large one; and over it, albeit the House is the most unsentimental of public bodies—a board of guardians is a poetic institution compared with it—there was something of a gentler and more gracious mood than 'tis wont to wear.

Mr. Morley's motion on Ireland brought it back to its more accustomed, though certainly not its least emotional air—the full-dress air of the big Irish debate. Yet, though there were all the usual trimmings of the duly set parliamentary table—crowded galleries, peers elbowing each other in their corner, and strangers packed like herrings in the upper regions—the scene was somewhat changed to the inner eye. There was Mr. Parnell, for instance, in his old place and his old attitude, the arms folded, the face cold and impassive, lit now and then with the wintriest of smiles. There, too, was Mr. McCarthy in the seat by the corner of the gangway which he often occupies. But why in the name of fortune had Mr. Potter thrust his “magnificent proportions” (to quote Mr. Storey) between these two gentlemen, not at all obstructing Mr. Parnell, but blandly squeezing poor Mr. McCarthy into pulp? Ah, why? In that conjunction of three lay the whole secret of the Irish trouble. Mr. Potter's face is the very promise and potency of every human virtue, leading off with unselfishness. And on Mr. Potter, surveying the scene from the bar with a somewhat troubled eye, there had gleamed a vision of racial strife on the very floor of the House of Commons. At all hazards,

the rival champions of Irish nationality must be separated. There was an imminent deadly breach; and without a moment's hesitation Mr. Potter leapt into it. To do him justice, he something more than filled it.

The debate was followed by many curious eyes and ears, but it largely disappointed the malicious prophecies of the Tories. It was a fairly spirited, useful, and satisfactory discussion from the Liberal point of view, and the division was the best ever secured when the full traitor-power of the Unionist party is, as it were, turned on. How Mr. Morley, for instance, has improved as a parliamentary hand in the finer as well as the grosser sense! The change is great to the mental vision which stretches back to the hour when, his face a-blush with a fiery glow, Mr. Morley rose from below the gangway to deliver a perfectly just, perfectly timely, perfectly true, genuinely epoch-making, but oh, such a badly delivered maiden speech on the Gordon business. There was no trace of want of care, of timidity, of self-consciousness on Monday. Every point was driven home with all the force of fight and fence which the orator has at his command. Nor, with greater power over his environment, has Mr. Morley lost his conscientiousness. His speech, unlike Mr. Russell's, and still more unlike Mr. Balfour's brilliant, tricky, and in its way quite perfect display of debating skill, was a genuine piece of argument, neither over-stated nor unfairly stated. Mr. Russell, indeed, with a prodigious display of arms and a lavish rattling of “r's,” did make out what looked like an act of bad faith against Mr. Morley. But, after all, that was more Mr. Morley's misfortune than his fault. It was all on account of young Mr. Harrison. Mr. Morley had referred to Mr. Harrison in his earlier speeches on the Tipperary troubles as “a stripling.” But he was ominously silent about him on Monday. “T. W.” fastened viciously on this grave inconsistency. “What about the stripling now? What about Mr. Parnell's praise of his thews and sinews? What did the House think of this stripling?” asked Mr. Russell, getting more exasperated at each unanswered inquiry. Undoubtedly the stalwart young Parnellite did not look like a stripling. He has grown prodigiously since Tipperary, and he is growing still. What he will develop into Heaven only knows; but at present he is quite a respectable young Anak. As he sat, swelling visibly to the alarmed eyes of his former champions, it would clearly have been impossible for Mr. Morley to weave him into the woof of an argument designed to illustrate the defencelessness of young Irish M.P.'s. Young Mr. Harrison has only himself to thank if in a measure he has become a dropped link in the great Irish controversy.

The debate on the perennial army question on Thursday exhibited Mr. Stanhope in his usual part of the nicely-trained official hack, warranted quiet to ride or drive in harness. Mr. Stanhope has filled many positions in Her Majesty's service, and always with a measure of credit. His task on Thursday was not an easy one. The military party in the House is a formidable section. It numbers some of the most excruciating speakers which our Parliamentary system has developed, as well as one or two able and well-informed critics. Among the latter Mr. Hanbury, as usual, distinguished himself by his singularly fresh, cogent, and pitiless examination of our recruiting system—an indictment to which Mr. Stanhope could furnish no sufficient defence out of his Pall Mall armoury. Nevertheless, his final statement, which was reached very late in the evening, was a sufficiently interesting and valuable one. It dealt with the three points of the defence of our coaling stations and fortresses, the improvement of barrack accommodation, and the vital question of quick and easy mobilisation. As to this last crux of our military organisation, Mr. Stanhope spoke the House fair and soft, but the effect of his statement was a little marred by the fact that the debate was fated to close in the familiar whirl of Colonel Nolan's speech.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE rumours of an impending prosecution of Prince Bismarck, which were referred to in these columns five weeks ago, have assumed a most sensational and positive character this week—particularly in Paris. His precise crime indeed is not quite clear, though “offences against public order” and “unauthorised publication of State documents” (as in the cases of Count von Arnim and Professor Geffken) have been suggested; but in fact he has been inspiring the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung* with various criticisms of the present policy of Germany, which have infuriated the Emperor, and produced an official announcement in the *Reichsanzeiger* that the statements of these papers will be regularly corrected in its columns. Meanwhile the first-named paper announces on its part that both it and Prince Bismarck are prepared to face prosecution, and that his duty to his country has compelled him to speak. It seems that he proposes to publish his Memoirs, which will disclose a good deal of secret history; but that, as the documents cited will be private letters and not State papers, he cannot be prosecuted under the Arnim Act. His military rank complicates matters, partly by entailing special obligations to obedience, partly because (as M. Blowitz has noticed) conviction under military law involves such severe punishment that the Government could not venture to risk it. It is stated (and denied) that Count Schouvaloff has attempted to act as mediator.

No doubt the situation, even apart from all this, is peculiar, and serious. The Emperor's health is probably doubtful, the resignations of high officials are not over, and the Government has managed to offend those classes in which Prince Bismarck found his strongest supporters—the landed interest, by the proposed reduction of duty on Austrian wheat; the Westphalian manufacturers, by its labour legislation; and the National Liberals, by its concessions to the Roman Catholics. The guarded complaint of the *Cologne Gazette*, that no one now knows who is and who is not a supporter of the Government, indicates very faintly the intense bitterness of the feelings with which the faithful supporters of Prince Bismarck regard the new régime.

Signor Bonghi's letter in another column makes it unnecessary to say more of the Italian Ministry than that its policy aims solely at economy in the army, navy, and public works; that it is pledged to impose no new tax, and to cultivate better relations with France; and that serious dissensions are already reported to have broken out in it between the Premier and Signor Nicotera—which may very likely be merely conjecture *à priori*. Signor Crispi has indicated that he still intends to take an active part in criticising its policy. Two Socialists, and a Liberal opposed to Crispi, were returned at bye-elections on Sunday.

Monsignor Freppel, the Bishop of Angers, has visited the Pope with an appeal from the Legitimist party not to support Cardinal Laviguerie's advice to Catholics to accept the Republic. The Pope is said to have replied declining to interfere in French politics. Count d'Haussonville's speech of last Sunday week has called out vigorous protests, and there seems little doubt that the Legitimist party is breaking up.

The “workman party” in Belgium has appealed to the king and to the Episcopate to help them to obtain universal suffrage. As the former cannot do so, and the latter assuredly will not, they intend to proclaim a general strike upon the rejection of the proposal by the Chamber, as to which there is now no doubt. A section of the large Ultramontane majority, led by M. Woeste, object to any extension of the franchise at all; the rest are not likely to do anything which may shake their power; and even the Moderate Liberals, led by M. Frère-Orban, do not go so far as universal

suffrage. Apart from this, matters look serious in Belgium. There is a difficulty in filling the post of Minister of War—it is said, because all the candidates hitherto considered favour compulsory and universal military service, which the clericals, in Belgium as in Holland, and the mass of the present electorate, who now practically escape by finding substitutes, are not at all likely to accept. And the recent meeting among the troops at Brussels, who were called out to suppress anticipated disorders at the great Revisionist demonstration, and detained beyond their comrades in other towns, is another indication that serious disturbances are not far off.

This week most of the Provincial Councils in Austria will elect the electors of deputies to the Reichsrath. The old Czechs have issued a programme which consists chiefly of attacks on the young Czechs, and urges the danger of inciting the Germans by provocation; and the division between “German Liberals” and “German Nationalists” has become more emphasised by the proceedings in a meeting at Graz. Otherwise there is little of interest.

The elections to the Spanish Senate have given the Government 138 seats out of a total of 180. Of the remainder, the regular Liberal Opposition has secured 25, the rest being divided between Reformers, Independents, Carlists, and a Republican. The Liberals secured only one of the three seats at Madrid. They obtained six seats, however, in Cuba, and one in Porto Rico.

The new German factory law, which was read a first time last May, and referred to a Committee, has been under consideration in the Reichstag this week. It forbids the employment of children under thirteen absolutely, and under fourteen if they are still required to attend school. Young persons from fourteen to sixteen are secured a ten hours' day with certain intermissions, and are forbidden to work overtime. Women may not work more than eleven hours per day, and night-work is forbidden them altogether. Sunday work, too, is strictly forbidden in factories and workshops alike, and the interval of rest must be twenty-four hours. To this latter provision, however, there are numerous exceptions. An attempt in the Committee to fix a maximum day for male workers proved unsuccessful. The law also gives increased freedom of association to the workmen, modifies the penalties for breach of contract, and forbids truck.

It is officially announced that after April 1st passports will not be required from foreign residents in Alsace and Lorraine. Simple registration at the district police-station will be substituted, and permits to reside will be issued to the persons registered. Thus another item of Prince Bismarck's policy is reversed—an item which he himself has recently done his best to excuse.

Some weeks ago we noticed that the dearth of labour in Eastern Prussia was to be met by a temporary relaxation of the laws interfering with immigration from Poland and Galicia. The landowners seem now inclined to restrain their fugitive labourers by legislative means. “Going to Saxony” (so called because it was the beetroot sugar industry in Saxony that first caused the dearth) is the subject of a book by a certain Dr. Karl Kärger, which concludes with a draft Act to check the movement—on the alleged ground that it leads to breaches of contract and demoralisation of the emigrants, and that their families are left behind without means of subsistence. Of course, the young and ambitious author of a learned book may simply mean, after the manner of all aspirants to Professorships in Germany, to pad his mass of information and decorate it with an ornamental conclusion. Still, the fact that such a proposal can be made at all is worth noting as a curious illustration of the mind of the Prussian landowner.

The Constituent Assembly of the Canton of Ticino has drafted a constitution which is to be submitted to a popular vote on March 8th. As it maintains the present Great Council of the Canton, and therefore

probably the present Executive, till 1893, and the present judiciary till 1895, and as it charges the former body with the revision of that electoral law to which alone is due the enormous Ultramontane preponderance in the representation, it is hardly calculated to conciliate the Liberals, who, besides, have from the first refused to take part in the proceedings on other grounds. They have now determined to oppose it strenuously, and as there is no minority representative this time to complicate the issue, they are confident of obtaining a larger majority than they did last October.

A resolution has been introduced into the United States Senate calling upon the President to request the Czar to inquire into the condition of the Jews in Russia, and to place them in a position of freedom and equality with the rest of his Russian subjects. Of course, resolutions of this kind in Congress mean very little, though they probably count for rather more in the Senate than in the House of Representatives, and this one is introduced by a Democrat, Senator Call, of Florida. Still, Mr. Blaine might, if he chose, take it as an excuse for the intervention which was suggested in these columns last week.

THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

NOTHING illustrates so vividly the isolation of the United States from the European system as the death of a great military commander like Sherman. When Moltke dies, the German nation will be concerned not so much with his achievements as with the practical loss to his country entailed by the extinction of that marvellous brain. The withdrawal of Prince Bismarck from public life has not filled his countrymen with apprehension; but the death of the great strategist on the eve of some international difficulty would be regarded as a grave addition to the responsibilities of German statesmen. In America, however, the loss of General Sherman has caused no disturbance in the current of national life. The sword has been sheathed in the Republic for many years. No public man takes into his calculations a crisis which would involve the national honour, and make an appeal to arms the only arbitrament. The standing army is insignificant. A military career offers no incentive to ambition, and West Point is not the young American's earliest dream. A great people, animated by the most varied energies, and in some respects the pioneers of the world, present to us the not uninteresting spectacle of indifference to the military spirit. Yet there are traditions of battle, enough and to spare, in American annals. The Civil War, in all its phases, is still a subject of the deepest interest to American readers, and the history of the campaign is recorded in minutest detail by men who took an active part on both sides. But all this has inspired no love for the profession of arms. No American writer ever dreams of producing such a belligerent piece of literature as Lord Wolseley's "Soldiers' Pocket Book." No American Tommy Atkins exclaims with Mr. Rudyard Kipling's hero, "War, bloody war, north, south, east, and west!" No poet appeals to the "sons of General Jackson, who thrampled on the Saxon," to cherish the glorious days of New Orleans. The end of the Mexican War found no young American warriors thirsting for further distinction. The end of the Civil War left the greatest of the combatants imbued with positive horror of battle.

This sentiment is all the more noteworthy in those Americans who adopted the army as a profession, and who were not driven to arms from peaceful arts by the necessities of their country. Sherman was one of these; though, after the Mexican War he betook himself to purely civil pursuits with a facility which must be quite incomprehensible to a European officer. The American is a citizen first, and a soldier afterwards, even when he has been

educated at West Point. Can any Sandhurst or Woolwich cadet imagine himself tranquilly relinquishing his profession in the prime of life in order to devote his attention to law or the business of a telegraph company? The happy conditions of American society and geographical position make a military caste, as we know it, impossible, and effect, without friction, these rapid transitions from military to civil functions. At West Point Sherman must have studied the science of war with considerable zeal. He must have been familiar with the deeds of the world's great captains. He must have been inspired in those days by something more than the hope that his military abilities would never be called into play, and that he would live and die without seeing active service. If a man adopts the profession of arms he must occasionally picture himself as a distinguished commander. How thoroughly Sherman knew his trade was shown in the campaign in Georgia. No soldier could have desired greater renown than he won by that famous march to the sea. For weeks nothing was heard of him. He had vanished with a large army into space, and foreboding oppressed the timid spirits at Washington. Meanwhile, Sherman was breaking the Confederacy like an egg-shell. It was not simply audacity which ensured success. Every movement was planned with masterly strategy, and every combination of the enemy was checkmated. When Sherman announced the capture of Savannah, everybody felt that the war was virtually over. Men like Sherman and Grant might well have been intoxicated by a military success, which far surpassed any purely personal triumphs in the previous history of their country. But, even in that moment the spirit of citizenship was superior to military ambition, though in Grant's case it was, unfortunately, not allied with sufficient strength of character to resist the temptation to enter a field for which he was totally unfitted.

Sherman took part in no more fighting after the close of the great war; but he remained a soldier, and steadily turned his back on politics. He had done much to save the Union, but he had a little taste for American politics as he had for the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Without any capacity for the arts of government, as they are understood across the Atlantic, he had no relish for the unenviable distinction which too often belongs to the combatants in American party warfare. Grant's memory is tarnished by some of the associations of the eight years he served his country as civil head of the Republic. Sherman has gone to his grave with an unsullied name. No stigma of the "party ticket" ever rested upon him. He enjoys with Washington, and almost with Washington alone, that peculiar national renown which is undimmed by any imputation of personal self-interest. Historically, Washington is, of course, the greater figure. He was President of the Republic before the "party ticket" was invented. It was possible in his day to be Chief Magistrate of the Union without being touched by the odium which belongs to political "bosses" and manipulators of votes. Sherman lived in different times, and it was fortunate for him that he had no ambition to skirmish in the lobbies of the Capitol, and march through the Georgia of a Presidential Election. But though the seamy side of American institutions is quite conspicuous, it is impossible to regard without envy a people who are happily freed by their historic conditions from the military idea, and who produce a great soldier for an emergency, and not for the perpetuation of a caste and a tradition. Not in America need it be said:—

"And ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt with all his wit
The noble art of murdering."

The arts of peace may have their own deformities, but these, at all events, are better than the worship of that renown, on the faith of which—

"The honest savage brags and grins,
And only longs to fight once more."

JUDICIAL OBITER DICTA.

THERE used to be an ancient legend, much beloved of junior barristers, about a certain judge who addressed an offender somewhat in these terms: "Prisoner at the bar, your case is one of the most painful that have ever been brought before me. You were born of honourable parents, who gave you an excellent education. Instead of which you go about stealing ducks!" We are reminded of this by certain judicial utterances which are equally impressive, and by the growing propensity of the Bench to deliver itself of all manner of inconsequent opinions on all sorts of subjects which have nothing to do with the matters in hand. The other day the Master of the Rolls, a blooming young judge of only seventy-six summers, hearing the accused person described as an old man, inquired, "What do you call old?" The question of course provoked that "laughter in court" which is "instantly suppressed" when anybody except the presiding luminary makes a humorous observation. Another ornament of the courts, Mr. Justice Stephen, whose approaching retirement has excited universal regret, lately expressed his surprise that an old man should pay attention to a young girl. Cases might be multiplied in which distinguished judges have gone out of their way to profess an ostentatious ignorance of facts and people of common report. Indeed, the following syllabus, or something like it, may occasionally be read in the law reports:—

"His lordship then proceeded to sum up, and commenced his observations by dwelling in severe terms on the evidence of the witness Abraham, who said he had accompanied the plaintiff to a music-hall to see the 'Two Macs.' He must warn the jury (continued his lordship) to view with grave suspicion the testimony of a person who was evidently in the habit of inventing frivolous expressions for the purpose of disguising a sinister proceeding. It was nonsense for this witness to say he had been to see the 'Two Macs.' There were no such people. His lordship had never heard of them, and he could boast a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the celebrities of three generations. Was it conceivable that a man with an honourable name like Macpherson or Macdonald, a name which had won undying fame in several spheres of usefulness, would consent to be known to the public simply as 'Mac'? And even assuming that this was unhappily the case, was it within the bounds of reason that another would consent to such a degradation, so as to present to an amazed and scandalised community the spectacle of 'Two Macs'? He had seen human nature in many painful and even revolting aspects, but he was proud to say that he had too much faith in the common sense of mankind to credit anything so monstrous. (Here his lordship was visibly affected.)"

Now, nothing is dearer to the heart of the sober citizen than the reputation of the Bench. We rightly boast that our judges are incorruptible, and look with pity on countries where the judgment-seat is bought, or, at all events, elected. When a new judge is appointed, it is always a delight to reflect that he will leave behind him those peculiarities which may have dimmed his prestige as an advocate, and will enter into the full glory of a judicial wisdom which is unaffected by anything in the nature of personal bias. Unfortunately, this golden promise too often looks a little pinchbeck by the light of experience. We say nothing of that genius of the judicature, Sir William Charley, who remarked to a prisoner, after an appeal for the consideration of previous good character, "You must have had a good character, or you would not be where you are at present." That is a flower of idiosyncrasy which is rarely found on the Bench in such perfect bloom. But the judges who stray from their duties into the by-paths of philosophy and humour, are as glaring as geraniums in July. This is chiefly to be regretted on account of the injurious effect on the disorderly classes. Think

of a person who is sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and who ponders the whole of that period on the irrelevant quips and cranks and fragmentary speculations which he heard from the judge during the trial. Is it any wonder that the man comes out of prison at the end of his term, with no respect for justice, and with a hardened indifference to the dictates of virtue? There is no time to correct the mistaken impression in the culprit's mind. He is promptly taken to the cells after the sentence, and prevented from reading the newspapers. He has no means of disabusing himself of the idea that the humorist on the Bench represents the average wit of society; and he naturally feels that the social obligations which find such an official expression are not good enough for him.

But we have another complaint against the judges. They endeavour to usurp the function of the Press. They are paid rather extravagant salaries for administering the law, and to the law they ought to limit their ambition. Let them expound the principles of jurisprudence as much as they please, but philosophy belongs to the journalist, who is paid very ill for its exposition. It is his business to moralise on the turpitude revealed in the courts of justice. If any jest be needed, he is the person to supply it. All this irrelevance on the Bench is due to judicial jealousy of the writer, who has far more readers for his article on the *cause célèbre* than the judge who summed up, and who laid down such astonishing theories of human life and character. Lord Coleridge was once good enough to say that journalists were very dull dogs when you knew them. Quite recently Mr. Justice Day, when a witness described himself as a journalist, interjected, "A journalist? What is that?" The spice of malice in these remarks was doubtless due to a painful consciousness that the eccentricities of the Bench have long been the theme of public comment. It may be urged in extenuation that the judge's life is rather cheerless, and that his vitality is sustained by jokes and excursions which seem dull and aimless to other people. This is quite possible; but how much better it would be if he would candidly confess his incompetence to say anything that is worth repeating apart from his judicial task, and if he would brace his energies and amuse the usher by reading aloud selections from some popular writer! Then the "laughter in court" would be free from that servility which is the reproach of so much mirth in this country, and his lordship might, if he liked, ascribe the general amusement as much to his own inimitable elocution as to the fancy of the author.

But, seriously, it is high time to protest against the assumption that the Bench is like the Church of Rome, with the motto that fascinated Newman—*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. These airs of infallibility about affairs which do not come within the judicial purview, this disposition to treat the universe as if it revolved round the Law Courts, and as if we fashioned our habits and tastes according to the decrees of a few gentlemen in ermine, are doing not a little to weaken the authority of the judges. The laws of this country are administered in the main with knowledge and impartiality; but they are sufficiently complicated and mysterious to exhaust the acumen of their interpreters; and it would therefore be well if the public time were not frittered away by *obiter dicta* on topics which are happily beyond the reach of litigation.

MISFORTUNE OR MISMANAGEMENT AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S?

FOR some weeks past the newspapers have contained reports of a most unsatisfactory nature relating to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the editor of *Truth* has rendered a public service in calling attention to the matter. It appears that during the last two months, an epidemic of a very

serious kind has been raging in the hospital. It is stated, and, we believe, admitted, that twenty-six of the nurses on the staff have been attacked by diphtheria; four others, if not more, by typhoid fever, which in one case ended fatally; and many others by severe sore throats. Besides that, the secretary's daughter, one of the physicians, the matron, and the matron's maid have suffered from diphtheria; and in the surgical and other wards, and among patients admitted for other complaints, there have been several cases of typhoid, of diphtheria, of erysipelas, and of scarlet fever. For week after week this epidemic has continued and spread, and grave blame has been attributed to the authorities in connection with it. In the case of a great metropolitan charity the public is entitled to ask how the trouble arose, and whether such a misfortune could not by proper management have been avoided?

The hospital authorities, as represented by their secretary and treasurer, account for the outbreak by stating that the nurses took the infection from their patients, and that the "increased number of cases of diphtheritic sore throat" among the staff was due to the fact that St. Bartholomew's received last year an unusually large number of cases of diphtheria. Relying on this theory, the authorities proceeded to take certain steps to deal with the situation. They did indeed, as a matter of form, ask their own architect for a report on the sanitary condition of the hospital; but, it would seem, too readily convinced that on that point all was above suspicion, they contented themselves for the most part with a few ineffectual measures. Among other things, they reduced the number of beds in the diphtheria ward—a proceeding the value of which is not very clear. They altered the nurses' diet. They decided to render more rigorous the medical examination to which the nurses are subjected before they enter on their duties. And then, stoutly denying that any ground for complaint existed, they apparently folded their hands and waited for the epidemic to abate.

We doubt whether the public will be as readily satisfied as the Hospital Committee with the theory put forward or the precautions taken by the officials. The idea that the outbreak of typhoid, diphtheria, and scarlet fever in all parts of the hospital—a very different thing from the "increased number of cases of diphtheritic sore throat" admitted by the treasurer—is solely due to the number of cases of diphtheria treated last year, is scouted by, at least, a considerable section of medical opinion; and, unfortunately, there are facts which seem to offer a more plausible explanation. It is stated that a certain ward in the hospital was closed some years ago because it was believed to disseminate infection. A few months since, this ward was re-opened, repainted, and cleansed; some of the nurses were put to sleep in close contiguity to it; and this arrangement was soon followed by the outbreak of illness among the nurses. It is, of course, possible that the two facts are not connected; but the opposite possibility is so evident, that the hospital officials may fairly be called upon for a clear statement on the point. Apart from that, very grave charges have been published about the general sanitation of the hospital—charges of defective drainage and of offensive smells. One member of the medical staff is said to have made strong representations to the Committee on the subject. Quite recently, owing to the agitation in the press, a distinguished sanitary expert has been called in, and has recommended changes in the system of drainage which are to be carried out at once. It is significant that the officials, though directly challenged on the point, have not made public their expert's report, and on any reasoning it is difficult to see how they can escape serious blame. They appear to have adopted much too readily the convenient theory that the epidemic was introduced from outside, and to have obstinately refused to consider any other explanation, although week by

week the facts told steadily against their own. By their conduct they have rightly or wrongly created an impression that there are matters to be hushed up, and that they are far from exercising the necessary care in their treatment of their nurses, or in regard to the sanitation of their buildings. In the administration of a public charity the most scrupulous watchfulness is required, and nothing could be more discreditable than that those responsible for the management of a great hospital should permit it, through carelessness or stupidity, to become a centre of infectious disease.

The defects in the management of St. Bartholomew's are the less excusable when its peculiar circumstances are considered. The hospital is a very wealthy institution. Its income for the year 1889 exceeded £80,000, and its normal excess of revenue over expenditure amounts to several thousands a year. Within the hospital buildings there is ample space which might be utilised either for patients or for the accommodation of nurses. The Committee cannot, therefore, plead want of means or overcrowding in their defence. The truth is that St. Bartholomew's, and all the other hospitals of London too, require supervision by a municipal or a State authority. The defects that exist in many hospitals, the unpleasant reports associated with some of them, the clamorous appeal for larger funds, the occasional unwise use of funds at their disposal, can only be satisfactorily remedied in one way. The Charity Organisation Society, which, instead of wasting its enthusiasm upon clap-trap, has for some time past been steadily working for hospital reform, has secured the appointment of the House of Lords' Committee to inquire into the whole subject; and the present scandal at St. Bartholomew's, deplorable as it is, will not have been without service, if it helps to impress on the public mind the advisability of placing the London hospitals under efficient popular control.

THE DECAY OF BOHEMIA.

YES. This is the Grosvenor Gallery, and a meeting of "The Gallery Club." The day is Sunday. The hour close on midnight. The dingy salmon-coloured walls are stripped of pictures. The flaring gilt pilasters reflect the garish light of a thousand gas-jets overhead. Through the tobacco-smoke an orchestra may be descried at the far end of the strangely narrowed room, discoursing music in the minor key. Here and there over the wide expanse of carpet, some four dozen dandies are scattered, sitting erect on Austrian bent-wood chairs—their gloomy looks telling plainly that they have not attained that release from conscience which, as Tolstoi teaches, it is the sole object of alcohol and tobacco to supply. An unlovely sight surely! And yet typical of many things. It is the same Grosvenor Gallery which once o'erflowed with the *fine fleur* of genius, beauty, fashion—its walls hung round with the best work of our best painters—the lovely counterfeit faces in the frames duplicated by their living presentments in the throng. And now it is all over—dead—gone—vanished like the Empire of the Barmecides and the Religion of Isis. Fifteen years ago it was that the place first opened; and to-day the premises are to be taken over by an existing proprietary club, "with a distinguished and representative committee." The Golden Age of cultured Bohemianism in England was brief as it was brilliant. The rise, the splendour, and the extinction of the Grosvenor have been coincident with, and indicative of, a phase in England's mental and moral evolution. Fifteen years ago, John Bull—that is, John Bull who has an ancestry, counts his income in thousands, lives in Cadogan Square, and permits his daughters to ride in the Park and go to balls—not John Bull who wears a blue ribbon in his button-hole and takes the chair at Hindoo Marriage

Bill meetings—was suddenly minded to rise out of his habitual and hereditary philistinism. He had a guilty suspicion that he was a dull person himself, and he *knew* that his wife and his fellow-bank-directors were so. His son was also dull, but in a more objectionable form; and his daughters were hopelessly insipid, which is the feminine of the adjective "dull." The general dullness of the Bulls reflected itself in the dullness of their parties; and if they felt their own parties to be dull, they were still more keenly alive to the dullness of the parties given by their friends. But in a twinkling all was changed in the Bull mansion. John Bull, Esq., J.P., D.L., M.P., would have his portrait painted by Millais (Herkomer he had not yet heard of, or, having heard of him, he shrank from the problem of pronouncing his name). Bull junior should act in private theatricals with that clever young Beerbohm Tree. The Misses Bull were to be enrolled at the Slade School, bringing back at lunch-time chalk caricatures of a Sicilian ex-galley-slave, who had been posing all the morning as a model of Hercules, *puris naturalibus*. Above all, Lady Eleanor Bull should invite all these "nice new friends" of the family, first to luncheons, then to dinners, then to musical parties (balls were abandoned), and finally up to Scotland, for the grouse—not that any of the friends had ever let off a gun, except as privates in the Middlesex Volunteers. When the *Comédie Française* came to town in the dog-days, Mr. Bull engaged half a row of stalls, as he would have hired a pew, and sat through everything gallantly, night after night—surrounded by those of his own household, and philosophically reflecting that after all it was no drearier than the parish church, which he had been made to renounce as philistine. When the great charity bazaar was held at the Albert Hall, his girls helped Croisette to bite the ends off the cigars, which she sold to royal, noble, and ignoble persons. John Bull was "going it." And for a time he enjoyed himself hugely. His wife's visiting list was revolutionised. If she had a lord at her house she apologised for him, as a duchess might for the presence among her guests of a London County Councillor. On the other hand, the Bulls were as proud to hook a low comedian, as to-day the duchess above-mentioned would be to hook Mr. Rhodes. Painters and sculptors were the back-bone of her party-crowds. Some of them almost lived in the house. Lady Eleanor Bull and her daughters talked of little save the loves, quarrels, bills-of-sale, and scandals of actresses and tenors. At last John Bull began to tire of it. For one thing, he woke up to the fact that the pictures, with which he had crowded his house, and which his daughters now told him ruined the harmonies of the plush hangings and oak carving, had fallen in value to about a fifth of the price which he had paid for them to Launcelot Robinson, Mortimer Jones, and Botticelli Smith. And that made him cross. Then his son had married a stage *ingénue*, with dyed hair and an unascertainable past. His wife had been subjected to black-mailing threats by a violinist. His youngest daughter—the darling of his heart—was hopelessly and boastfully in love with a married manager. He himself had been let in for £10,000 by "backing" an American actor, with a hopeless nasal twang, in an unsuccessful season of "old comedy"; and the low comedian was reported by the butler and footmen to have pocketed four "apostle spoons." That was the last straw! John Bull then and there renounced his connection with "cultured and artistic Bohemia." Of the painters and sculptors he had and has nothing worse to say than he has of the family stockbroker, who persuaded him to invest all his ready money in Cédulas and "Rand" scrip. But he is shy of them, and he entertains an unreasoning prejudice against them, if for no other reason, then simply because it was they who brought him to the private view where he was introduced to the youth who has acquired his four apostle spoons. But against all the tribe of acting men and singing women, whom

once he adored, he has no language too severe. He doesn't know them. He never did. He doesn't wish to. He is ignorant even of the names and situations of the playhouses in which they appear. The *Messiah* at the Albert Hall is amusement enough for his family. He and his have no acquaintance except among persons of their own mental calibre and social standing. And the last state of those people is duller than the first. Whilst as to the unfortunate denizens of cultured and artistic Bohemia, deprived of the financial support and lavish hospitality of Mayfair and South Kensington, they are rapidly falling back into an era of penury and neglect such as that in which their predecessors of the earlier and middle period of the century wore out their unprosperous lives. Society and Artistic Bohemia are divorced by mutual consent. Happily their ill-starred union was without offspring. In future, as in the past, they will work out their destinies on wholly different planes. For so it must ever be. No two Societies can permanently coalesce unless the young people from each may freely join hands and wed. Such unions are impossible between Society and Art, for of Art it may confidently be said, despite all its ethical failings, that it lives by honest toil, whilst Society lives mainly, if not wholly, on exploiting labour—all which truths were revealed unto me as I sat upon an Austrian bent-wood chair in the desecrated Gallery, vainly dedicated to the higher Art by the gallant but luckless Coutts-Lindsay.

TEN-POUND LIBRARIES.

"ALWAYS"—says the proverb—"Always, after supper, take a half-mile walk,—and, if convenient, let it be upon your own land." For this advice it is fashionable, just now, to substitute "Do half-an-hour's reading,—and, if convenient, let it be in your own library." It ought to be convenient, at any rate. A review in our last number pointed out that a ten-pound note wisely expended will give a man a library in which he need never feel dull. To compile such a ten-pound library (on paper) would be a pretty task for the amateur who wishes to educate public taste: but perhaps it would be better for the working man to make his own selection. For ninepence he may buy a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics* and Longinus On the Sublime: and an additional eighteenpence will give him the whole of Shakespeare and The Angel in the House, a fair range on which to apply the principles he has picked up. For ten shillings he may have *Paradise Lost*, the best poems of Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Burns, Browning, Whitman, with the plays of Goldsmith and Sheridan, a "Christian Year," and three-pence left over for a paper-knife. For another half-sovereign he may have Marcus Aurelius, More's *Utopia*, Bacon's *Essays*, an expurgated Rabelais, the *Religio Medici*, Milton's *Areopagitica*, Pepys's *Diary*, Johnson's *Tour in the Hebrides*, Lamb's *Essays*, De Quincey's *Opium Eater*, Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, and Newman's *Apologia*. A third will purchase Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, *Ivanhoe*, The Antiquary, Mansfield Park, *Pickwick*, The Old Curiosity Shop, *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, The Scarlet Letter, *Jane Eyre*, *Westward Ho!* The Cloister and the Hearth, and Dumas's *Three Musketeers*. In a world where all this can be done for thirty shillings, it would seem that life is all too short for ten pounds.

How does this affect living authors? The fashion is to say that it affects them very dismally. They complain themselves, in the magazines, of the competition of dead men. If the complaint be well founded, the case is not only grievous (for, as Hazlitt says, "an author now alive has a right to calculate upon a living public: he cannot count upon the dead nor look forward with much confidence to those that,

are unborn,"), but we are in a fix that is unique in the history of literature. For our part, we cannot believe a word of it. There is an enormous and growing competition among the living and yet authors are quite as well paid as ever. They are likely to be paid much better. We are not thinking of the chances of the American Copyright Bill: but of the certainty that English publishers are beginning to see the wisdom of publishing new books at a moderate price. When men can get "Ivanhoe" for ninepence, it would seem impossible that they should care to buy "Allan Quatermain" for four-and-sixpence. Yet "Allan Quatermain" sold in its tens of thousands. In spite of magazine articles, it is an immense advantage to be alive. And as soon as the modern author begins to publish his books at a reasonable price, instead of obeying the timid traditions of the trade, his advantage will more than compensate for the amount by which the classics will still be able to undersell him.

One cannot, however, feel at all sure that the efforts of Messrs. Cassell, Routledge, Ward & Lock, and Walter Scott are persuading the working man to form a library of his own. It is so hard, even for the educated, to regard a book as property. Even Professor Freeman fails to see this, as far as the thought and language of a printed volume are concerned: for he defends the American pirate. He holds it wicked (we suppose) to pilfer the cover and the pages and the ink, for they can be touched with the fingers; but the author's contribution to the volume has no claim to be treated as property. The mass of men and women goes further. The direst offence that anyone "in society" can commit is to cheat at cards; the most venial is to steal a book from a friend. At the Old Bailey, last week, a clergyman was convicted of pilfering several from the Army and Navy Stores. It was pleaded on his behalf that he drank too much, and that his father and brother had formerly represented a northern constituency in Parliament; so he did not go to prison. He would hardly have escaped, even on the plea of having M.P.'s in his family, had he taken money. While this view of books prevails among superior persons, the working man is not likely to regard them seriously as worth acquisition. So much information is to be had *gratis* that he very naturally resents paying for it at all.

A word, too, may be said on the manner in which these cheap books are published. They come out in series. Now a series ought surely to have some more uniformity than that of binding and price. There is reason (to take an instance) in calling Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" a series. But what earthly reason is there in Messrs. Longman's "Silver Series"? We have nothing to say against Mr. Haggard's "Cleopatra," but to issue that work side by side with Newman's "Grammar of Assent," and in a similar cover, is something too comic. The two books cannot stand side by side, except on a book-stall: and even then their backs (the binding being uncommon) will claim fellowship across any library of ordinary dimensions. It is a mixing up of things that differ, and the man who should buy the whole series must be afflicted with a mental hebetude that not all the books it contains can cure.

There is no more popular recreation for jaded statesmen than the delivery of lectures on the use of books. They attract large audiences, whom they congratulate on the spread of education, and the newspapers, next morning, congratulate the statesmen for "unbending," as they term it. But, as a matter of fact, books still are, and always have been, the joy and interest of a tiny minority. He who belongs to it will find in literature a consolation for the successes of other men, a solace for the loss of dear friends, and an armour against affliction and the prospect of death. He will never be understood by the mass of his fellows, and probably he can never understand them; for he and they have different sympathies. The folly is to confound literature with education.

Education is open to everyone, love of literature belongs to a class—but to no one that is in no way continuous with any ordinary division of mankind. Its privileges are open to peers and to bargees; but they come by birth. And the truth of this will be patent on the day when we discover the proportion of households in this country possessing a ten-pound library.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXXI.—AT A FIRE.

ALTHOUGH my chambers are quite at the top of the staircase, I sometimes, when I am in them, hear, involuntarily, what is being said by a passer-by. There are voices which travel almost any distance. To-night, as I was busily engaged on one of my popular scientific articles, one of these penetrating voices passed under my window, and sent a remark skywards. It looked in upon me on its way, and it impressed me:

"An' it's a big fire, too."

I drew back the curtain and looked out. The sky was positively glorious, and one's first instinct was to wonder why we could not have such beauty every night. When, a few minutes afterwards, I joined the crowd in the Strand, I could not but notice the increase of life, and energy, and brightness. The loafer had found a new interest, and walked briskly in pursuit of it. Draggled, dull-eyed young women, joining the hurrying crowd, grew more fervent and spirited. Urchins dashed past, filled with delightful, unspeakable excitement. Even the bare, bald face of the Law Courts was lighted up with a roseate, almost illegal, joyousness. Up Wych Street and up Drury Lane went the straggling crowd, knowing the way, as crowds always do. An old man standing on the outside of a public-house, and thinking about the inside, stayed me with the look of the Ancient Mariner, and sought from me a lucifer match. "My soul!" he ejaculated, as he tried to suck the flame into the foetid remnants of tobacco in his clay-pipe, "if thet should be a theayter now—thet over theer!" He was not going on with us to assure himself on this point. He was too old to hurry much, I think, and he still had hope that some kind patron might take him in and finance his drunkenness. But what business had he to damp the popular enjoyment by such talk? He saw only the disaster; he was too old to feel the attraction of a fire, as we did. As we passed down Long Acre the attraction almost seemed to be calling us in intelligible language. "Here is a beautiful show, and you pay nothing to see it. Thousands of pounds' worth of someone else's property ~~are~~ being destroyed. Be quick, because the quickest will get the best places. Be quick!"

It was mean, distinctly mean, of the voice of the fire to call us down Long Acre, for there were certain policemen there who had failed to take a right view of a fire; instead of regarding it as a show, and pointing out to us the best places from which to see it, they actually stood in our way, and refused to let us interfere with the operations of the firemen, as if the main object were to put out the fire as soon as possible. The full glories of Castle Street and Neal Street, where the fire was raging, were hidden from us. There we were—a fair sample of the people of London—longing to witness a fine artistic effect, and willing that someone else should pay any price for it, yet prevented by the police! We stood in a close crowd behind them; and if some of us said bitter things to them, at any rate we did not behave as badly as the crowd in Endell Street, which broke through their line. We could see sparks, and smoke, and the reddish-yellow glare; we could see occasionally a fireman's helmet; we could hear the regular panting of the engines—we had not altogether lived in vain. One small boy, with an important expression on his dirty face, was seated

astride a man's shoulders to obtain a better view. He did not seem to know the man in the least, but simply to have used him in the absence of any lamp-post. His conversation was chiefly addressed to a less fortunate little boy down below. "Ere's another injun, Bill!" he cried, as the crowd parted right and left to make way for it. There was one that sat on it who wore, not helmet and uniform, but the ordinary hat and overcoat. The small boy pointed him out at once. "And that's the Prince o' Wiles!" he added with enthusiasm. He did not think it. It was simply that the hilarity of the occasion had awoken in him a great need which only wild—almost brilliant—mendacity could satisfy. This hilarity was apparent everywhere. If you want to see really bright happy faces in London, look at a crowd which is watching a great disaster. But presently the small boy became dissatisfied with the limited view and his elevated position. "This 'ere's no use, Bill," he said meditatively. "I know the plice—Covink Gar'n." He climbed down from the man, without taking any more notice of him than if he had actually been a lamp-post, and went off with Bill to James Street. So did I.

One could see a little more here. At the upper end of the street the scaffolding of an unfinished building had been converted into a grand stand by the crowd. One could see a wall of the burning building. Flames were lolling out of the windows and looking at us. The wall seemed to be standing alone, black against a background of fire and bright smoke. The crowd watched it intently, knowing that it must soon fall, and whiled away the time by inventing, and subsequently believing, exaggerated accounts of the extent of the conflagration. At last the wall came down, in rather a theatrical way; and after that there was very little left for anyone to see. One almost expected to hear an orchestra play the National Anthem, and see the audience move away, chatting about the performance. They did not, however, move away at once; crowds are always sanguine, and they probably waited in the hope that some other house might catch fire. The general opinion was that it had not been a bad fire, as far as extent goes; but that the style was poor, and that it was lacking in incident.

THE DRAMA.

"THE theatre is irresistible; organise the theatre." I comforted myself with these words of Matthew Arnold as I sat gasping for air last Sunday night in a little hall just out of Oxford Street, which was so densely packed with more or less human beings (for the audience included several squalling infants) that the Black Hole of Calcutta must have seemed by comparison a spacious and well-ventilated apartment. Squeezed ribs and a battered hat were for me the best evidence that "the theatre is irresistible." Sunday night is the one night in the week that you can't go to the theatre; so here were all these people doing something else, listening to a lecture about it, getting themselves "organised" for it. For before you can organise your theatre, you must organise your audience, teach them to have a theory, a policy, and a plan—like Popkins. Much is being done in this way by the Playgoers' Club, with its apparatus of discussions, dinners, picnics, smoking-concerts, pamphlets, and what not. And something, too, is being done by these lectures on the drama, arranged by the National Sunday League and kindred societies. Last Sunday the lecturer was Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who discoursed of "Play-making," with especial reference to "plot, design, and construction." The latest tendency of theatrical opinion makes against construction. A distinct reaction has set in against the "well-made" piece, invented by Scribe and perfected by Sardou. Two of the most successful plays of

the past season on either side of the Channel, *Paris Fin de Siècle* and *The Cabinet Minister*, have both of them openly and contemptuously ignored the orthodox rules of construction; in each case the plot has been no plot, but a mere string on which character sketches have been hung in a row. The advantage to the diner-out, and to the congenitally unpunctual, was immense. You turned into the Gymnase or the Court at any hour, sure of finding some amusing incident in progress, something which demanded no knowledge of what had gone before or of what was to follow. On purely material grounds, therefore—the late dinner-hour of modern man, and his incapacity, after dinner, for sustained attention—we may predict the doom of dramatic construction. But this, I hasten to warn you, is my grovelling explanation of the matter, not Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's. He, in his quality of Sunday lecturer, naturally had to take a more serious, a more artistic view. "Story and incident and situation," said he, "are, unless related to the character, comparatively childish and unintellectual. They should be only another aspect of the development of character. . . . Where construction is made of the first importance—where neatness and perfection of construction are obtained, it is generally at the cost of truthfulness and force and subtlety of character. . . . The moment the construction of a play becomes so ingenious as to be noticeable, at that moment it passes its limits, and convicts the playwright of an attempt not to paint human nature, but to show his own cleverness. That construction, then, is the best which sinks itself and is entirely unobtrusive, and moves quite silently and unnoticed under the truths of character and life which the dramatist has to present." And, finally, to sum up, "I want you to remember that the plot and story and construction should be inferior to the truthful exhibition of life and character. I wish you to be discontented with all merely ingenious construction, all that savours of artifice and trick."

The gist of these remarks seems to me to be: Take care of your characters, and your plot will take care of itself. Excellent, so far as it goes! But there are some temerarious spirits who go a step farther than Mr. Jones. Nature, say these, shows no plot, design, construction, at all; why then should the drama, whose function it is to hold the mirror up to nature? "The strange irregular rhythm of life" (as Mr. Henry James puts it), that is what the uncompromising realists want the drama to imitate. Mr. Jones cannot abide these realists. "The stage is not real life," he said, amid the loud applause of his audience. "Those people who want real life can go into the streets and get it." Is not Mr. Jones a little too cock-sure about this? At any rate, the illustration which he chose for the enforcement of his proposition is demonstrably false. Life, said he, supplies the raw material for the drama, as the hillside on which a cathedral is raised supplies the stone for its building. It was a sort of rule of three sum:—

Drama : Life :: Cathedral : Quarry

"There should be design in every portion of the cathedral. But it was all hewn from the surrounding hillside." *Ergo*, drama should have the design which life has not.

Curiously enough, I find this very illustration anticipated for the same purpose more than a century ago (to be precise, about 1765) by Burke in his little-known and fragmentary "Hints for an Essay on the Drama." "We may as well urge that stones, sand, clay, and metals lie in a certain manner in the earth, as a reason for building with these materials and in that manner, as for writing according to the accidental disposition of character in nature." A moment's reflection ought to show that this illustration of Burke's and Mr. Jones's is essentially false and misleading, for the simple reason that architecture is not, like the drama, an imitative art. Life is not only the raw material for the stage, it is the model as well. True, you cannot transfer life to

the stage in its integrity: limitations of time and space forbid that; there must be selection, arrangement, concentration. But, even with selection, "the strange irregular rhythm of life" might be imitated. The ultra-realists have a better case than Mr. Jones suspects.

On the whole, the lecture left one with the impression that Mr. Jones, earnest and enlightened reformer though he is, might have gone further and fared no worse. He has not yet unlearned all the old dogmatic criticism. He relegates construction to a back seat, but he shrinks from showing it the door. And, in the matter of ethics, he is still one of the old apostles who preach that there are things not convenient for the stage. He has not yet cast out the devil (Pickwickianly speaking) of Ruskinism. Art must be "healthy." The drama must not study vice, disease, the disagreeable, the ugly. I venture, quite respectfully, to suggest that a course of M. Antoine and the *Théâtre Libre* would do Mr. Jones a world of good. It would, I trust, convince him that the hope of a great future for the stage lies in perfect freedom: freedom to try every kind of experiment; freedom to be realistic or idealistic, prosaic or fantastic, "well-made" or plotless, "healthy" or pathological; freedom to go anywhere, like the British Army, and do anything. Meanwhile, let us be grateful to him for the valuable service he is rendering to the drama by expounding its mysteries to the multitude. But, oh, my poor ribs!

A very different Mr. Jones—Mr. Wilton Jones—has been delivering theatrical lectures this week; not, like the chief of his clan, in his own Jonesian person, but vicariously, through the heroine of his new play, *A Yorkshire Lass*, produced at the Olympic on Wednesday afternoon. This heroine lectures all the other personages of the play in turn—the fishermen and boatbuilders of her native Yorkshire village, because of their fondness for strong waters; the aristocrat who marries her, because of his aristocratic lack of Puritan principle; the villain of the play, because of his villainy. And the peroration (when it is not the text) of all her lectures is the phrase "That's Yorkshire!" It is an inexplicable but notorious fact that all Yorkshire people, whenever they are allowed to figure in plays, become as boastful of their birthplace as Tartarin was of Tarascon. Mr. Wilton Jones's play is not all Yorkshire—one act of it passes in London, and another in the British lines before Sebastopol—but all the Yorkshire people seem to have emigrated to the metropolis and the Crimea for the occasion, and, wherever they are, they continue in their fearless old fashion to brag of their birthplace. *A Yorkshire Lass* has been specially written for Miss Eastlake, who returns to the stage, after a somewhat protracted absence, to play its eponymous heroine. Her admirers are glad to have her back again at any cost, and, in the principle that the end justifies the means, some excuse, I suppose, may be found for the new play. Certainly, it has no other excuse. A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE new scheme for the reform of the University of London seems to intensify present defects and create new ones. The University enjoys considerable *prestige*—largely because it was for many years the only English University open to Nonconformists, or (practically) to students of law, medicine, and natural science; but at present it is simply an examining board, which grants degrees. The honour courses are, on the whole, creditable enough, but the pass examinations (at least, in Arts) put a premium on smattering and cram, and the standard often varies unexpectedly at the examiners' pleasure. These are very eminent men, but they have no common bond and little tradition to control them, as examiners have at Oxford and Cambridge; they

need not have much (or indeed, any) experience in education, and they are under so little supervision that boys and girls of sixteen or seventeen were recently asked, at matriculation, to translate idiomatic English phrases into "the Latin of the comic stage."

YET the University now proposes to absorb all the small provincial colleges in England and Wales (except Liverpool, Owens College, and Durham) as well as University College and King's College, London, besides the great mass of examinees who now come to it from other institutions or private tuition: to regulate their examinations by a hybrid board, and to prescribe different courses in Arts (for instance) if they think it desirable for London and the provinces—so that the meaning of a degree will be quite uncertain. Moreover, medical degrees (the best part of the present system) are to be virtually controlled by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, though the Royal Commission rejected the petition of these colleges to grant medical degrees by themselves.

It will pass; it won't pass; it must pass; it can't pass. These have been the varying moods of the American Copyright Bill during the past ten days. More than once the measure has been given up as lost, and Mr. JAMES PAYN, MR. WILLIAM BLACK, MR. THOMAS HARDY, and the other popular novelists who take so keen an interest in its fate, have drawn down their blinds and donned habiliments of woe. But the next morning there has been another telegram—dubious, perplexing, irritating even to madness—and it has been made apparent that the measure still had life in it. Poor sufferer! It has passed through many a crisis, and not a soul now knows whether it will escape after all from the doom that seems imminent. Good Americans for their own sakes—to say nothing of the sakes of English popular novelists—will pray for the patient's recovery; and, indeed, the best that can be said of him at this moment is that he is not absolutely "past praying for."

THE death of POET CLOSE ("Laureate of the Lakes") last Sunday will remind the public in what judicious hands still rests the dispensation of pensions to men of letters. In 1860 it was held that the services rendered by POET CLOSE to literature deserved a pension of £50 a year. After a debate in the House of Commons this was disallowed; but LORD PALMERSTON, strong in his one literary conviction, gave the bard £50 out of the Royal Bounty Fund. To-day Mr. W. H. SMITH sustains the high critical traditions of the Treasury; and MR. W. H. SMITH gave the world to understand, a short while ago, that careful distinction should be made between men who compile works of real utility and those who merely make up books out of their own heads. So did he play the Roman father to his bookstall, and show the world that a man may touch pitch to his advantage without being defiled.

IN spite of this case, the pensions granted out of the Civil List to literary men and artists, or their widows and children, are worth examination: and we think the "Financial Reform Almanack" would do well to publish a list of the recipients. It does publish a list of pensions granted in the reigns of GEORGE III., GEORGE IV., and WILLIAM IV., and concludes with the dry remark that "all these pensions should be carefully inquired into: either they are being drawn by the wrong persons, or the list affords remarkable instances of longevity."

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON has left her house in Holywell, Oxford, and migrated to Richmond. The *Pall Mall Gazette* (always acutely critical) reports that she now dwells near "her great rival, Miss

BRADDON." Between two writers whom the Thames no longer separates it is not for the *Pall Mall Gazette* to draw distinctions. MISS BRADDON'S admirers at Richmond (right bank) must have trembled for her safety, too, when they opened the *Sheffield Independent* on their breakfast-tables and read what that paper's "lady correspondent" (who also comes from Sheffield, perhaps) had to say about the Oxford (left bank) champion. "MISS BROUGHTON is tall, and of somewhat imposing presence. Her hair is slightly grey, but she carries herself with an uprightness and dignity that prove her still to be in the prime of her power and vigour." Luckily for Richmond, this description (originally invented for WILLIAM III., at the battle of the Boyne) does not fit MISS BROUGHTON at all; but it may cause pain to absent friends, who left her looking quite different.

THE *Pall Mall Budget* publishes in its issue of Feb. 12th, "Another 'Dream' by OLIVE SCHREINER," entitled "God's Light on the Mountains," to which is appended the portrait with facsimile autograph of the authoress. It chanced, however, that the allegory is not by MISS SCHREINER at all, but by MARIE CORELLI the novelist, whose work has met with fairly steady revilement from *Pall Mall* quarters until now. It must be rather vexatious to MISS CORELLI to see another woman's portrait and signature attached to her work, but she is young enough to have a lively sense of the humour of the position, and to appreciate to its fullest extent the praise bestowed upon her by the *Pall Mall*, which journal, by the merest hap-hazard, evidently considers her "style" to be quite as felicitous as that of the author of "Dreams."

MISS ANNIE S. SWAN, a novelist better known in Scotland than in England, is of opinion that literature is the only profession which does not require a long period of probation; but she also thinks that the gift of story-writing is generally of gradual development, and advises all parents to cultivate it when it appears in a child. Further, she takes up seriously a railing suggestion in the *Times* for the establishment of a school of literary method, because she believes that by such a scheme "all errors in composition and defects in style could be remedied before a work was submitted to the final arbitration of the editorial chair." The simplicity and credulity of all this is charming. But why did MISS SWAN omit mistakes in punctuation and spelling? She is, however, not by any means alone in confounding story-writing with literature, or in supposing that what makes literature, literature, can be taught.

M. TAINÉ finds the treatment of the Modern Régime, which is the subject of the third and last part of his "Origins of Contemporary France," a hazardous undertaking. In the first two parts of his great work he had to discuss complete and finished periods, the Ancient Régime and the Revolution; but in the third part the end of the period discussed is still wanting. The first part of "The Modern Régime" (SAMPSON LOW), translated by MR. JOHN DURAND, begins with NAPOLEON I., and brings the external history of France down to the present time. The difficulty here is not so great as M. TAINÉ expects to find it in the second volume, which is to treat of the church, the school, and the family; describe the modern *milieu*, and note the facilities and obstacles which French society will encounter. In attempting this, M. TAINÉ perceives that he will occupy the position of a dramatist who has to write the fourth act of a play without knowing what is to happen in the fifth. Fortunately for us, the more difficult the matter, the more entertaining M. TAINÉ is apt to be; it is not for the subject, or what M. TAINÉ is pleased to call his method, that he is read, but

because his works reveal the most brilliant performer of literary legerdemain the world has ever seen. The conjurer who changed BURNS into a *sans-culotte* and found in the myriad-minded SHAKESPEARE one faculty only, an immense, immoral imagination, will never need to complain that his bag of tricks is empty.

THE twenty-second thousand of DIDON'S "Jesus Christ" (PLON) is being rapidly bought up. Popularity makes any book remarkable, but, apart altogether from this incidental element of interest, FRÈRE DIDON'S work has very great merit, which the English public will shortly be able to test. We understand it is being translated for MR. FISHER UNWIN by MR. M. GHOSE, whose contributions to "Primavera"—a notable volume of verse by Oxford men—are of very high quality. MR. GHOSE has, during his five years' residence in this country, acquired a thorough knowledge of English thought and language.

HIS sardonic "irreverent reverence of Autun," TALLEYRAND, "a man living in falsehood, yet not what you can call a false man," made, as all the world knows, a very careful study of his whole environment, above all, of that portion of the *mise-en-scène* apt to be overlooked by less artful minds, the immediate future, namely, that half-century after death, in which a public man's reputation often receives a twist centuries fail to straighten. It would, indeed, have been surprising had this strange "product of Nature and Art" done anything else than arrange skilfully the conditions of perspective under which he would choose to appear before posterity. So skilful were these arrangements that even yet, the public appetite having been whetted by rumours, samples, and translations, the "Mémoires du Prince de Talleyrand," with a preface by the DUC DE BROGLIE, are only announced as about to appear. CALMAN LEVY will publish "very shortly" the first two volumes of the five which will complete the work. Autographs and portraits corresponding to the different periods of TALLEYRAND'S life will appear in each volume. Meantime, M. G. PALLAIN comes to the help of all whose thirst for news of TALLEYRAND cannot wait until the appearance of the "Mémoires," with the "Ambassade de Talleyrand à Londres" (PLON). It is more than ten years since M. PALLAIN first "took TALLEYRAND by surprise," as he phrases it, with a volume containing his correspondence with LOUIS XVIII. during the Congress in Vienna. M. PALLAIN'S books are collections from the MSS. preserved in the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris, and are invaluable as historical documents.

As the title of M. CORENTIN GUYON'S new book, "Les Beaux Jours du Second Empire" (CALMAN LEVY), indicates, it is a study of the more brilliant portion of NAPOLEON III.'S reign. M. GUYON, having had access to documents hitherto unpublished, has been enabled to depict a series of portraits of the principal men of that epoch with a fidelity and exactness of detail hitherto impossible. A work which covers, in a limited way, the same period, and comes down to our own times as well, is "La Politique Française en Tunisie" (PLON). The French conquest of Tunis, after provoking much violent discussion, has now become quite popular in France, and a popular account of it is therefore necessary. Are "P. H. X." the initials of the author, or intended to shroud his identity? Two other historical books issued from the LIBRAIRIE PLON may be noted. "Napoléon et Alexandre I^{er}," by M. ALBERT VANDAL, is based upon unpublished documents, and gives an account of the curious and intimate relations which existed between the two Emperors, of the attempts

which either made to attain personal ascendancy over the other, of the projects they had in common, and of the causes of their disagreement. F. BHIRD, a Jesuit Father, in "Les Mémoires de Saint Simon et le Père de Tellier," defends the confessor of LOUIS XIV. from the attacks of the Jansenists.

IN French fiction, the week's publications contain nothing of very great moment. A. GENNEVRAYE, who writes well about children, issues "Histoire Invraisemblable," which will also be called, the publisher thinks, "Histoire Vraie." "Aurette," and "Bretonne" (PLON), the first by HENRY GRÉVILLE, and the second by JACQUES FREHEL, are already in all our foreign libraries. "Les Suites d'une Grève" (HACHETTE), a study of economical problems in fiction form, is by MAURICE BLOCK. A book of travels by a novelist which will probably find many readers in England is M. LÉON DE TINSEAU'S "Du Havre à Paris" (CALMAN LEVY). M. DE TINSEAU went from Havre to Paris by way of America and Japan—round the world, in fact. M. RENÉ MILLET did not make such an extensive journey; but there is plenty to be seen in going from Salonica to Belgrade, and from the Danube to the Adriatic, as will be found in M. RENÉ'S "Souvenirs des Balkans" (HACHETTE). From MM. HACHETTE ET CIE., we have also "Sur Mer," an episode from a work of HECTOR MALOT'S, prepared for use in English schools by the author himself.

CRITICS and criticasters are already busy over SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S new poem, "The Light of the World" (LONGMANS). One cautious writer thinks it an ambitious work, and predicts for it a good many admirers. Another has made up his mind upon two things:—(1) That there is just enough real merit in SIR EDWIN'S blank verse to make it tolerable to the literate, while it enchants the illiterate; (2) "The Light of the World" might yet be made a popular success if its author were to re-write it. A third—not *Tertium Quid*, by any means—declares that a notable addition has been made to the great treasure-house of English poetic literature; and that the high undertaking which SIR EDWIN has long proposed to himself, that of co-ordinating, and—as far as regards their indestructible elements—harmonising the great religions of the world, has been completed. It must be very consolatory to SIR EDWIN to remember that no amount of fulsome praise on the one hand, and ill-natured detraction on the other, can affect the intrinsic value of his work. No critic "by taking thought" can increase or diminish the stature of any writer by a single hair's-breadth. SHAKESPEARE was still SHAKESPEARE when DRYDEN re-wrote the *Tempest*, and COLLEY CIBBER is just as great a dramatist to-day as when he improved *Richard III.*

THE verse of the week includes "Facts on Fancies" (EDEN, REMINGTON), by the REV. R. H. FALKNER; "The Sisters' Tragedy" (MACMILLAN), by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH; "Lyrics for a Lute" (Boston: HOUGHTON), by FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN; and "Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse" (Dublin: HODGES. London: LONGMANS), edited by ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL, Regius Professor of Greek in Trinity College, Dublin.

IN three volumes we have this week "The Maid of Honour" (BENTLEY), a tale of the times of the first French Revolution, by the HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD; "Urith" (METHUEN), a tale of Dartmoor, by the REV. S. BARING GOULD; in two volumes, "A Marriage at Sea" (METHUEN), by W. CLARK RUSSELL, and "Friend Perditus" (CHAPMAN), by MARY H.

TENNYSON; and in one, "Lady Delmar" (TRISCHLER), by THOMAS TERRELL and T. L. WHITE; the "Anglomaniacs" and "Flower de Hundred" (CASSELL), by the American author, MISS BURTON HARRISON, and "For King and Country" (SWAN SONNENSCHEN), another story of the Revolution, by JANE A. NUTT.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S "Impressions and Opinions"—in which he deals in a series of essays with BALZAC, TURGUENEFF, Mummer-Worship (an article which on its first appearance excited not a little controversy), MEISSONIER, and other topics of the time, has been published this week. Like everybody else, MR. GEORGE MOORE has suffered from the vagaries of the Printer's Devil. In the earliest copies of "Impressions and Opinions" he was described as the author of "A Humorous Wife"! The error, of course, occurs in but a small number of copies, which thereby will be entitled to rank hereafter among literary curios.

READERS of the *Times* will not be likely to forget the interesting series of articles contributed by MR. W. L. CLOWES on the Negro in America. MR. CLOWES had long indulged a fondness for the subject, and had resided for some time in the United States; he therefore welcomed the commission which the *Times* gave him in the autumn of 1890 to go to the southern part of the United States in order to study upon the spot the conditions of the very extraordinary social problem which has gradually arisen there during the past two hundred years, and which has assumed new and peculiar importance since the manumission of the negroes and "coloured" people, and the nominal extension to them of all the privileges of American citizenship. The ten letters in which he embodied the result of his inquiries, and which appeared in the *Times* in November, December, and January, 1890-91, are now, revised and much enlarged, reprinted by MESSRS. CASSELL & Co.

HER LADYSHIP AND THE MURDERER.

ONLY once in my life have I witnessed a scene so dramatic that it took away my breath. There were seventy of us present, and, until the man left the room, all continued to stare at the two women at whom his arm was pointed. One spectator fainted, but we did not so much as turn our heads to look at her.

This took place in a London drawing-room, and in any other city in the world we should have been called an odd company. Our host is a philanthropic peer, and a score of his guests were discharged prisoners, whom it is his ambition to reclaim. A week or two before, he had been at an annual supper and sermon given to such outcasts, and had invited the twenty with the worst reputation to another supper and sermon at his house in Mayfair. This probably made cynics of the comparatively virtuous ones, but it was well meant. After supper, the criminals assembled in the drawing-room, where the gentlemen who had been invited to meet them sat beside them and talked to them as friends. There were a dozen or more ladies present, but they were seated beside our host and the other men who were to address the meeting. They were on the platform, if that can be said of a room which had no platform. Lady A (as I shall call our hostess) had a front seat, and beside her was Lady B. They are both beautiful women, though Lady A struck me as too haughty to touch the hearts of criminals, and Lady B as too frivolous for a company of philanthropists. They were the only women of title in the room.

At first the proceedings were not animated. The criminals, having supped, were now prepared to repay their benefactor with cheers; but they occasionally winked to each other during his address, and the applause was only genuine when every now and again he called them his brothers. Another speaker said he felt sure that they had been led astray against their wish, which made two of them weep; but his remarks about soup-kitchens were received with yawns, and obviously the criminals were beginning to wonder when it would be polite to go away.

"My brothers," said the earl, perhaps noticing their weariness, "you have listened very kindly to us, and now I am sure we shall all be glad to listen to you. My friend who has just sat down spoke of the temptations to which in your rank of life you are open, and I noticed that his words affected many of you deeply. What are these temptations? The public-house, I know, is one of them, and we are doing our best to remove it. What are the others? It is the temptations we want to get at rather than at you, who have yielded to them once, but have bravely resolved to yield to them no more. We want to pull down the nests, my brothers, so that the rooks may fly away. Come, be open, and tell us what these temptations are. What! will none of you speak? Remember, that by doing so you may save many from treading the path out of which it is the desire of all here present to assist you. Tell me one of these temptations."

Suddenly a stout little man, less hang-dog looking than the others, stood up. He seemed about fifty years of age, and had an earnest though unshaven countenance. We all looked at him when we should have been looking at our hostess and Lady B. One of the two, I think, must have started, or blushed, or turned white when she saw him, and before he sat down again most of us would have given a good deal to know which one.

"Your honour my lord, your 'umble servant," he said, bowing awkwardly; "and so, as you kindly wish it, wot is hard on a respectable man as has his character to keep, is women."

There was a flutter of interest, perhaps of alarm, through the room, and I saw Lady A. bend forward and whisper to her husband. What I want to know is whether Lady B. had first whispered to Lady A.? Obviously at his wife's request, our host signed to the spokesman of the discharged prisoners to sit down. The man was looking fixedly at the two ladies, however, and continued impressively:

"Tain't just women I mean neither. It's ladies wot have their carriage and pair—pair o' flunkies too, your honour my lord. So help my bob, your honour, one of them she comes to me three year back and wants me to be a murderer, your honour my lord!"

At the word murderer quite a number of us started, and then there was an uncomfortable silence. We were all gazing at the rotund criminal now, and had Lord A. again requested him to sit down I dare say most of the ladies in the room would have remonstrated. Of the man's sincerity there could be no doubt. His face was ablaze with righteous indignation.

"Tain't fair to tempt a pore man like she did," he went on, his voice sometimes argumentative and again dropping into a whine of remonstrance. "A pore man has his feelings, he has; but no victuals in the 'ouse, and her a-tempting of him with jellies and wine, makes it 'ard on him, my lord your honour."

He looked around him for confirmation of this view, but that word murderer had frightened his companions. Someone asked him to begin at the beginning of his story, which he did, after some scratching of his head.

"I was took three years back," he explained, "my missis having died of an escape of gas, and parties saying as I turned it on, wanting to be free of her, your honour my lord. So help me, you needn't none of yer look like that, me being honourable acquitted,

'Not Guilty'; and I goes back to the village without a stain on my conscience, your honour."

He wiped his brow with his sleeve, and sighed.

"Them pals of mine was hard, and my work wot I earned with the sweat of my brow took from me, and none willing to speak to me, and my windows broke, and them boys crying 'Murderer!' when I passed by the school. It was cruel hard, your honour, and me acquitted, and them with nothing to go upon except just that her and me had words, when one of us was in liquor, and usually her; no blame to her, my lord, it being her misfortune to be knocked off her balance with two glass. They said as how as I used to say I would do for her, and so they wouldn't have nought to do with me; and, your honour, there was me starving, and also chest complaint and an innocenter man never was."

He was fairly blubbering now.

"Then her ladyship she comes driving up to my door, and nobody with her except two flunkies, and she tells them to stop outside, and comes in, shutting the door behind her. She was a beauty, and no mistake; but what business had she for to come tempting of a pore man down on his luck, and the jellies, also the wines, on the seat of the carriage so as I could see them from my window? I say 'tain't right. Your honour my lord, she was the only man or woman as crossed my floor since I was acquitted, and says she, 'Pore man, I have brought jellies, also wines, to you,' and I says, 'Thank you kindly, your ladyship; is that them as I sees in the carriage?'—and I was for bringing them in, but she tells me to sit down, and so did she.

"'Pore man,' says she, bending near me, 'I have been much took up about your case, and wot I wants to know is whether you really did it. I have read every word about the trial in the papers, and I am that took up that I cannot sleep for thinking on it.'

"'I'm as innocent as a lamb, your ladyship,' I says, 'and so for wot you are a-going to give me Heaven will reward you,' I says; but she stamps her foot impatient, and says she, 'Pore man, I am not a judge, and whatever you say no one will know but myself, and I want you to tell me the truth. Whisper it,' she says, coming closer, 'if you are afraid for to speak out.'

"'So help my bob, your ladyship,' I says, 'it is the truth that I am innocent.'

"'Pore man,' says she, rising; 'if that is the way you treat a well-wisher I won't waste no more time on you. I was to give you this,' says she, holding up a five-pound note, 'and also jellies and wines; but if you will not tell me you gets nothing.'

"Your honour my lord, it was hard on a pore man for to tempt him like that, and I could see the jellies and bottles from the window. I asks her what for she wants me to swear away my character, and says she, 'Pore man, I am sure you did it, but I cannot sleep at nights till I know, and if you confess I will not tell a soul, and I will give you these things, and then the people here will believe in your innocence; but if you do not confess, I will drive away without giving you nothing, and then they will say I think you guilty.'

"Your honour, my lord, it was hard on a pore man with chest complaint, but she would not give in; and at last she swore on the missis's Bible as she wouldn't tell nobody wot I told her, and then she came closer to me than ever, and all a-shaking for to have me tell her I was a murderer, and me innocent as a lamb. Well, she was a beauty, and, with her hanging over me, I says suddenly, 'Your ladyship,' I says, 'I will not tell you unless you gives me a kiss, for you are a beauty, and no mistake.' So help me, your honour my lord, she let me do it, she was that keen for to hear me say I was a murderer, and me innocent. Then I told her the lie, your honour—namely, saying I turned on the gas; and she says, 'Pore man, how dreadful; but it do make me happy for to be sure about it.' I got them there jellies and wines, and she shook hands with me, she did, at the

door; and that made my pals friendlier-like, them being a-watching us. But I say it was cruel hard on a pore man for to force him—"

"This is an extraordinary story," said our host. "Do you know who this morbid creature was?"

"I never saw her from the time she tempted me for to swear away my character," the man said excitedly, "until this very night, and I sees her now. There she sits, there she is, a-trying to look as if she didn't know me; but she does, she does, she does!"

He pointed his arm at the two ladies of title on what I have called the platform. This was the dramatic moment. All eyes turned as if by one jerk upon these two women, and in dead silence we tried to read their faces. Both half rose, and then sank back into their seats. Our hostess let fall her fan, and picking it up, turned to her husband calmly, "Have the tipsy man removed," she said placidly. But Lady B. bore the ordeal of our eyes less successfully. For nearly a minute she looked straight before her. Then a lady in the background cried out excitedly, "Which one?" Lady B. put her hands over her face.

The discharged prisoners were got out of the house without more talk, and before our host would permit any of us to depart. I suppose he feared that some might want to ask the poor man "which one?" Was it Lady B.? The mere suspicion of such a thing might have made her behave as she did, but few, I understand, give her the benefit of the doubt. I think it was Lady A., nevertheless.

THE NEW ITALIAN MINISTRY.

ROME, February 10th, 1891.

THE telegraph will have given you the names of the new Ministers. They took the oath before the King only last night; and their names have changed so often during the crisis, and when the names have not changed their positions have changed so often, that it was not possible for me to announce them to you beforehand. The crisis has only lasted eight days: that is the usual duration of our crises. It will, I think, be much more interesting to you to know whether the Ministry itself can hope to live any length of time. Naturally, opinions are divided on that point; but that which prevails is that it will not last.

There are good reasons for that belief. The Marquis di Rudini, who is the Premier, was the leader—as I have already told you—of that section of the Right or Moderate party which was drawing nearer to Signor Crispi, and which counted upon obtaining power with him. You know that just the reverse has happened; it has reached power by overthrowing Signor Crispi. However, the Marquis did not think that his party, consisting of from thirty to forty deputies, could make a Ministry by itself, even by union with the other section of the Right, which did not desire any alliance with Signor Crispi. But, not content to seek allies on the benches in the Chamber nearer those of his friends, he goes quite away to the Left, where he takes Signor Nicotera, who sits with the first section of the Left (consisting of the Radicals and Socialists), and to the first bench below Signor Crispi, which he has constantly attacked.

Signor Nicotera, who has become Minister of the Interior, is the man who came the most damaged out of the last general election. He was as restless as an evil spirit, and he lost a good number of his friends. It cannot be said that he has more than nine or ten of them in the Chamber, and he has against him all the Moderates of the Neapolitan provinces, whence he comes. One of his candidates at the last municipal election at Naples was Signor Imbriani, who is a man of honour but also a furious Republican. His Neapolitan following is quite discredited.

You ask me, Why then did the Marquis go to

him? I believe that he blundered, but his reason was this: Signor Nicotera wished very much to return to office. He would take no refusal. He promised to be in the future an altogether different man from what he had been in the past. He is very energetic, and he fears nothing. It is believed, it is hoped, that he has quite broken with the Left, and that he will be all the more united to his friends now that he knows them. *Qui vivra verra*. For myself, I do not like these hopes; I prefer men less skilful but more "square."

The Marquis di Rudini and Baron Nicotera—for he takes the title of Baron—are the leaders of the Ministry; and they are, as I have explained, the one the chief of a considerable section of the Conservative party, the other, till now, one of the chiefs of the advanced party. The two Ministers the most important after them are the Ministers for War and Marine, for they should support the most important economies; but a Minister of Marine is not yet found. The Minister for War is General Pelloux, a man indeed of much intelligence and worth. The Ministry ought to be above all a Ministry of economy; but it is very badly situated for that object. The three men I have named must all of them retrace their steps. General Pelloux was in 1883 one of the principal authors and defenders of the creation of two new Army Corps, the 11th and the 12th, which was the cause of the addition of several tens of millions to our war budget. Signor Nicotera has always pushed forward military expenditure; he has appeared alarmed that it has not been sufficient, and has attacked Ministers who did not move quickly enough for his liking. The Marquis di Rudini has always declared that the War Budget was sacred in his eyes, and that his vote would always be for the Ministers who would add to the stability and efficiency of the land and marine forces of the country. Now we have seen the three men change front, and persuade themselves that they had gone too far. Assuredly it should be permitted to politicians to change their minds; but it should be done under the conditions explained by Mr. Gladstone, in his subtle and serious way, in his "Chapter of Autobiography." It cannot be said that the three Italian Ministers have changed their minds under those conditions.

Of the other Ministers I will only speak to you of one, Signor Villari. He has an English wife who writes in your newspapers, and has published a book, if I mistake not, on Tuscany. M. Villari himself is the author of the "Life of Savonarola," which has been translated into English, and several other works very highly valued. As Minister of Public Instruction he is in his proper place; he knows well the problems which he has to solve. But though a senator for several years, he has no following in the Chamber, and he does not contribute any great strength to the Ministry.

The Ministry presents itself to the House on Thursday or Saturday; we know no more than that. It will read a little programme; it will say that it will in no way alter the foreign policy of its predecessors, and that it will cover the deficit by economies. It will ask the Chamber to adjourn so that it may mature and formulate its proposals. Perhaps its enemies will show fight from the first day. The Piedmontese party, which is very solid and very able, and which believes itself to be unrepresented in the Ministry, will be arrayed against it. However, the adjournment of the Chamber will give it breathing-time. But if, on the resumption of Parliamentary business, it is to save itself and survive, it will have to come before us with proposals of economies sufficiently large to cover the deficit, for new taxes are absolutely not to be heard of. The two Ministers whose duty it is to administer finances have several of the qualities which are necessary in such a case; but we must wait before concluding that they have all of them. The one, the Minister of Finance, Signor Colombo, is a professor and an engineer of repute; the other,

the Minister of the Treasury, Signor Luzzatti, is a professor also, and a well-known economist. They have got between them a very tangled skein. May God keep them in His holy care and aid them to unravel it!

BONGHI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE RELATION OF ART TO IMMORALITY."

SIR,—Let me begin by re-stating the major premiss which Mr. Pierce attacks and I defend—that Art should be allowed to find its subjects over the whole range of human life. And now let me deal with his remarks seriatim.

(1.) *I do know* (he says) *that a work of art must be something more than realistic and well executed. To satisfy the very modern school it must be unclean.* Now I will not here question the existence of this "very modern school." If it exist, assuredly it does not count me among the disciples. When I claim that art may treat of any subject there is surely some mental obliquity in the opponent who understands me to insist that art shall deal exclusively, or even mainly, with one particular subject. To use a fair analogy, there is a very considerable difference between the two propositions "A man may eat onions" and "A man may eat nothing that is not flavoured with onions."

(2.) *Your reviewer has let us know that he considers the original form of Shelley's "Islam" the more artistic.* I can only believe that Mr. Pierce allowed preconceived opinions to obscure his mind while he read my review. I never said, nor did I imply, that "Islam" was less artistic for its alterations. The alterations, if Mr. Pierce will examine them, are so trivial that the artistic merit of the poem is hardly affected. Its morality, on the other hand, is greatly affected. I blamed Mr. Dowden for confounding the two: and even Mr. Pierce will allow, I suppose, that art and ethics are not quite convertible terms.

(3.) *Your reviewer takes up the astonishing position that the degradation of man's body and soul is a part of the same cosmic æsthetic law which makes the decay of the leaf "a harmony in gold and scarlet."* Sir, I grope amid this unusual phraseology. And yet I dimly perceive that Mr. Pierce will help me to defend the position which astonishes him. I cannot, without his definite assurance, believe that he condemns *Macbeth* and *Romola*, each a study of the degradation of man's soul; or *Samson Agonistes*, which is based upon the degradation of body and soul together. What I wish to know is, Where would Mr. Pierce desert me? and on what plea except that of mere opportunism? If the iridescence on the wings of certain beetles delight his eye, though he knows whence that iridescence is derived, why does the wonderful colouring of an ulcer move his gorge? If he allow that the poet or the novelist may worthily deal with infringement of the sixth commandment, why does he refuse this concession in the case of the seventh? If he believe man's repugnance to hear about adultery to be based on a primary moral intuition, on what ground will he account for man's readiness to hear about homicide? Each is a sin: the moral sense of mankind, so far as it reveals itself in legislation, declares homicide to be the more dangerous. And yet artists may depict bloodshed, on canvas or in print, to their hearts' content; but may not say a word about adultery. And Mr. Pierce is bold to make the frontier between *dicenda* and *tacenda* determinable by "a primary moral intuition" when he must be aware that this frontier shifts with every generation and almost with every geographical degree.

(4.) So far, Sir, I have come without complaint of Mr. Pierce's method in dialectic. There is a definite point at issue, and I am willing that no quarter shall be given. Nevertheless, it is well to play the game according to rule: and when Mr. Pierce assumes, with no authority, that, because I would give Art an entirely free choice of subjects, therefore of any two books or pictures (in other respects equal) I should prefer the more indecent, he is playing a game which may (for aught I know) be popular in the fastnesses of Crouch Hill, but which I submit to be unwarranted by any recognised rules. *Your reviewer* (he says) *with a louder note of triumph than I think the facts warrant, points to the superiority of the Paris "Salon" to our own Academy Exhibition; leaving us to infer, else there were no point in his remark, that the superiority of the French artists is due to the circumstance that they go foraging for their "motifs" in the "cloacæ" of human nature. The Salon contains much besides; but this is the element which, in the estimation of your reviewer, gives it its piquant artistic flavouring.*

Now, Sir, any fair man, reading my sentence with the context, will see that I pointed out the superiority of the *Salon* solely as a warning against Mr. Pierce's confidence in "the art-gospel of John Ruskin." What earthly right has Mr. Pierce to assume that I find filth more piquant than lambskins? I suppose a work of art may be non-moral without being indecent: else "Hey diddle diddle" is a libidinous song, fit only for a *lupanar*. As a matter of fact, pictures which derive "their motifs from the *cloacæ* of human nature" are so rare in the *Salon* that to anyone familiar with that exhibition Mr. Pierce's accusation will

appear ridiculous. I am anxious to know if Mr. Pierce is familiar with it.

And I am anxious to know if Mr. Pierce visited the recent Rabelais Exhibition. He delivers a sweeping opinion on Garnier's work, and therefore mere politeness would lead me to infer his acquaintance with that work. But he quotes with approval M. Claretie's gibe at the expense of Englishmen who denounced the Rabelais Exhibition and went in numbers to view the pictures. So that I hardly know what to think. At any rate, I did not visit that exhibition, and therefore cannot speak about it.—Believe me, Sir, your faithful servant,

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

SIDE-LIGHTS UPON CHARACTER.

SIR,—If not against any canon of editorship, I wish you would permit a few words concerning the review entitled "Fraternity," which appeared in *THE SPEAKER* of January 31st. I have waited to see whether any word of protest would reach you from others concerning its purport and spirit. The very title implies scorn or sneer of Professor Newman's little book upon the opinions of his brother the Cardinal. The writer of the review impresses the reader that he has more enmity against the creed of the Professor than the creed of the Cardinal. Professor Newman has more reason and more reverence than any other Christian I have ever known. It is inconceivable to me how anyone can read the book he has written upon his brother without being struck by its generous candour, which explains the course of his brother's convictions without ever imputing to him the consciousness of error in anything he said or did. In spiritual or political ambition, policy will betray to others what the desire of power conceals from itself. We can never hope to know the effect of opinion upon any eminent character, nor the nature of any man's mind, in whom the public are interested, if a narrative so instructive, dispassionate, and unimputative as that of Professor Newman's can be rightly described by *THE SPEAKER* as "spleen."—Faithfully yours,

Eastern Lodge, Brighton.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

FARMING IN THE COLONIES.

SIR,—The question we see propounded in the English papers very frequently is, "What shall I do with my son?" and, as yet, no satisfactory answer has appeared. From my own observations, "the son" in question has usually passed through public school life, perhaps been to one of the Universities and not succeeded in taking a degree; has been furnished during his terms with sufficient funds to enable him to make life agreeable, has the manners and education of a gentleman, is perhaps a little fast, and his very education has unfitted him for the drudgery of a junior clerkship in a mercantile office.

The question of "what next" arises in the parental mind. The young fellow has an idea that farming in one of our Colonies would suit him; his ideas and those of his parent on farm life are of the haziest description; he considers all that is required to prepare him fully for Colonial farming is an abundant outfit of riding and shooting material. In his mind farming consists of galloping over the country, shooting game, an occasional encounter with lions, tigers, &c., and the evenings spent in company of boon companions with pipe and bottle.

The parent reads of the pastoral prosperity and prospects of a Colony, furnishes the son with letters of introduction (which are seldom noticed), some funds, and starts him, with a blind faith that the son now will be all right, and at any rate is removed from certain temptations in the land of his birth that are prejudicial to his financial prospects.

The lad comes to the Colony fixed on, spends his allowance, of course, turns idler, has no one to care twopence about him, takes liberally to whisky splits and tobacco, and probably goes to those dogs from whom so few return.

I am not writing against Colonial farming or its prospects for young men of stamina. Let the parent who wishes his son to gain a living, or more, by farming in a Colony, prepare him for it in a suitable manner; let the son, at fifteen years of age, leave his classics and be placed in a school of farming, or, better still, with a shrewd practical farmer in England for three years, one who will make him learn every branch of his business by practical experience and hard work. Send him thence direct to a Colonial farmer for three years—his English training will stand him in good stead; and when of age his thorough knowledge of the country and of his business will enable him to judge whether he will suit his tastes and his pocket best by agriculture or vine growing, sheep, or goat, or cattle, or ostrich farming. He will know by experience the land or veldt that is best adapted for any one of these branches, and he will have learnt, too, to manage native servants, and also that to farm successfully a man must be prudent, industrious, frugal, shrewd, honest and sober.

There exists an idea in the minds of commercial and professional men, too, that any "fellow" may be a good farmer: a great mistake. If they look amongst the farming community they will find that those who have a hold on the top rung of the

ladder have all the qualifications I mention. The farmer never makes the colossal fortune that commercial men and financiers attain, neither has he the intense anxieties, excitements, and occasional prospects of ruin that shorten the lives of his more moneyed fellow-men.

In the Cape Colony, the Free State, and the Transvaal are abundant opportunities for the trained farmer with moderate capital to arrive at independence, and with the opening out of the interior of Africa, especially Mashonaland, our English brethren have chances of placing their sons, in a near future, in positions that will give them a chance of profitable employment, and a life of proud self-reliance and independence, for which there is so little scope amongst the dense populations of my Motherland.

Let it be understood that learning to farm by hard practical experience is as requisite to the young fellow who would make his farming profitable, as is the entire devotion to study by one who would rise to the surface in the highest branches of science or art, and that my desire is to impress on parents not to send youngsters to a Colony to farm, who have no idea what it means, and who, if sent, probably die poverty-stricken, or return home with years of wasted life, and habits more or less objectionable. The training I advocate fits the young man not only for farming, it will teach him to wield with ease the pick and spade, develop his muscles; he will have studied the various aspects of mother earth, and has in him the making of as fine a prospector as any trained expert in that branch of mining industry—and Africa is full of metals. Compared with other Colonies, land is moderate in price in Africa; its farmers, as a class, are well-to-do; the climate is about the healthiest in the world, and homes can be made by thousands of men who have brains, industry, sobriety, experience, and some capital.

Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

J. A. HOLLAND.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, February 20th, 1891.

CRITICISM is a subject always ready to hand, especially now, when Mr. Saintsbury's interesting article on criticism has been recently published. Mr. Saintsbury's preliminary study on "Kinds of Criticism" may, perhaps, persuade some that no man can be a critic, just as Rasselas was convinced that no man could be a poet. A reviewer who dares not let himself loose among novels unless he has recently found, in classic literature, such a fountain as Hera bathed in yearly at Argos, is a very rare kind of critic indeed.

Yet we may doubt if he makes the novelists, his patients, feel more happy and instructed than another. As a rule, he is cutting blocks with a razor. Mr. Saintsbury's is a counsel of perfection. He is right, and I am wrong. But it irks me to see a scholar giving his time to the censure of the common novel, the regular nonsense in three volumes, paid for by the author. To be sure, the usual kind of short reviews is really done too execrably. A reviewer might, at least, read the preface of a book, if it be short; and he, or she, generally does read it, and makes his paragraph out of it. A day or two ago, however, I came across a review, the author of which had glanced at the preface of the book in his hand, but had *not* read it. For he went on to tell the public that the book contained matter which the preface especially and truthfully denied that it did contain. This gem of modern criticism was in a monthly magazine.

On a few points I venture to differ from Mr. Saintsbury. He talks of the "log-rolling craze," and it is a craze in what I understand to be the proper sense of the mystic word "Log-rolling." If it means anything, it means a system of reciprocal laudation. A praises B that B may praise A. I do not believe that there is, or ever has been, much of this iniquity. As a rule, B, who is praised, is not a reviewer at all, and cannot repay A in kind, if he wished to do so. For my own part, as an author, I would pray to be defended from my friends, as re-

viewers. They cannot but be more or less hampered by thinking of the patient's feelings. The author cannot but be more or less conscious that the reviewer is not absolutely at his ease, except in the rare cases when he is enthusiastic; or in the perhaps rarer cases when he is a Roman friend, and revels in denouncing the work of an acquaintance with every circumstance of insult. To review a friend when one is neither enthusiastic nor of a Roman temper and conscience like that of the earlier Brutus, is a very disagreeable task, and may, I think, be declined, except by Romans. There be also reviewers who, when criticising an acquaintance, indulge in a peculiarly odious kind of familiarity, odious in literature, though it may pass in private conversation.

As Sir James says, in "Middlemarch," things would be better ordered if everybody would only behave like a gentleman. But this, too, is a counsel of perfection.

Though log-rolling, technically speaking, scarcely exists, yet nobody can deny that a great deal of reviewing, like more endearing caresses, "goes by favour." About certain authors, one can "swear and save one's oath" that certain papers will review their new books early, and favourably. About some other authors, one can feel equally sure that certain papers will "slate," as Mr. Saintsbury says, each and every book they present. It is a policy, perhaps, and just as the Liberal press is unlikely to approve of a movement of a Tory Government, so is the *Dipylon* most unlikely to praise anything of Mr. A's; whereas we could lay the longest odds that it will extol anything of Mr. B's. Probably there is no unfair intention in all this. It is pretty Fanny's way; it does not look like a just or generous way—it is even "discounted" by authors and readers—but one can hardly expect matters to be much better while the world stands.

Once more, Mr. Saintsbury thinks that a specialist "is not always the worst reviewer." For my part, in certain sorts of literature, I think he is the best of reviewers. For example, in a mythological work, I would far rather be censured by a specialist than lauded to the skies by an ignoramus or an amateur. The specialist's review is *business*; it teaches you something, it corrects errors, it enables you to see your performance in a new, and perhaps not a roseate, light. But if one turned on a specialist in Scottish history to review "The Master of Ballantrae," one admits that the result might not be so satisfactory. It is as if a specialist in folk-lore were sent to be critic of Sir Everett Millais's picture of Cinderella.

But it is really wasted labour to talk of contemporary reviewing as if it had anything to do with criticism as an art. From the drudge who turns out a column of remarks inch-long extracted from the prefaces of the books he has never read, to the author of six columns about the metaphysics of poetry, scarcely applied at all to the book reviewed, reviewers are nothing less than critics, nor does the matter in which they labour demand or deserve criticism. There are, of course, a few exceptions—perhaps many exceptions—but exceptions they are. I remember meeting with a remarkable volume of modern poetry. An evening newspaper gave to it exactly two lines of doggerel, in a rhymed review of a batch of versifiers. In the very same paper there presently appeared a long and well-considered notice of the same book. It had fallen first into the hands of a funny scribe who probably never read it, and, by a remarkable and daring piece of generosity, the editor of the paper relented and handed it to a critic. Such were the *fata libelli*. But how unimportant,

* "Essays in English Literature." Percival & Co.

really, are such chances, and how little one should heed them!

One good thing a reviewer can do: if he lights on good work by an unknown man, he can praise and recommend it. In this respect reviewers often show goodwill and appreciation. When a man is once known, praise or blame does him little good or harm. No scribe having authority has lauded Mr. Jerome, to my knowledge, and lo! his books reach,

"By his foes' admission,
Their seventieth edition,"

—nay, their hundred-and-nineteenth édition. M. Ohnet, on the other hand, has suffered much of many critics, and he is nothing the worse, but rather the better. The public knows what it likes. As to authors of sense and reading, it is not very likely that reviewers can tell them anything, good or bad, about their books, which they do not know themselves. Reviews, as a rule, are only announcements, or advertisements, with a bias.

Mr. Saintsbury discusses, in an interesting note, the reasons which Mr. R. L. Stevenson may have had in his mind when he called Mr. Lockhart "a cad." The expression was hardly worthy of the critic, but that is not the question. Mr. Saintsbury thinks Mr. Stevenson had in his mind either the Scott-Lockhart and Christie duel, or the tattle about Lockhart, Keats, and Scott, in Mr. Colvin's "Life of Keats." As to the duel, a Court of Honour might be puzzled to decide exactly the measure of blame due to all concerned. That Lockhart was a coward is neither proved nor probable, but perhaps a coward need not be exactly a "cad." As to Keats, "we have only a vague *ex parte* statement made long after date."

It seems more likely that Mr. Stevenson remembered the Ballantyne controversy, in which I fear Mr. Lockhart showed more temper than courtesy. The rights and wrongs of the case may be obscure, but Mr. Lockhart need not have introduced the kind of taunts which irritated Sir Percy Shafto. The age has improved in this one respect, and no gentleman now derides an opponent about the accident of his birth or profession. They were less dainty "tis sixty years since."

A delightful new book is Mr. T. H. Middleton's "Engraved Gems of Classical Times," published by the Cambridge University Press. This is the sort of work which, if Mr. Saintsbury will permit me, I think should be reviewed by a specialist, not by an amateur. Gems, in rings, are the most intimate relics of the dead men and dead ages; we come very near the old Greeks, in a fanciful way, when we wear a ring from their fingers. The engravings, too, are often beautiful, and almost always full of interest, or of puzzle. Lately I chanced to buy an iron ring, possibly mediæval. On the stone, a white cornelian, were graven two clasped hands, with the inscription HIERAX, in Roman characters. I don't know in the least what was intended—that is just the interest of it. On a large silver ring, picked up in Florence, two Cupids bore the shield, on which were engraved merely two sets of initials and two sets of figures. It had no beauty, but it must have had a story. Another Roman gem, with the head of the poet Lucretius, in my possession, may have belonged to Evelyn, for in a recent catalogue of autographs was engraved a facsimile of a letter of Evelyn's, sealed, apparently, with this very intaglio. But it is seldom that the poor collector has a chance to acquire a gem of any merit, except, perhaps, in obscure corners of Italy and Greece. Museums and great collectors buy them up, and we can only make prize of small unconsidered curiosities. I remember buying a small and trashy gem with a curious subject, Odysseus tossing back

into the waves the veil of Ino, the sea-goddess. The old Italian shopkeeper kindly told me, in this connection, most of the plot of the Odyssey.

Mr. Middleton's book is about good gems, their age, peculiarities, the change in their style, the methods of engraving them, the devices of forgers, the signatures of artists, the fortunes of gems in the Middle Ages, and, generally, the whole of this enchanted ground. He does not, I think, tell us *why* we so rarely meet with gems in their ancient rings, and above all, seldom with good gems in their old settings. Perhaps barbarous spoilers melted the metal, and threw the stones away. The Metropolitan Museum of New York might publish, if they have not done so already, a catalogue of the Cesnola gems from Cyprus. When a few were shown in London years ago, one remembers that some of them seemed admirable. Among the most interesting of Mr. Middleton's anecdotes, is that of the signet used by Thomas Colyns, prior of Tynardeth (1507-1539). It was a copy of the Laocoon group, showing the true position of Laocoon's lost arms. Only the impression on wax is extant. If we could only find, on a gem, a copy of the Venus of Milo ("the athlete sculptor," as one hath said), before our Lady of Beauty lost her arms, the question of their attitude would be settled at last.

A. L.

REVIEWS.

THE CASE AGAINST SOCIALISM.

A PLEA FOR LIBERTY: AN ARGUMENT AGAINST SOCIALISM AND SOCIALISTIC LEGISLATION. Consisting of an Introduction by Herbert Spencer and Essays by Various Writers. Edited by Thomas Mackay. London: John Murray. 1891.

OUR sympathy with the theories this book professes to represent—for, after all, Liberal traditions are mainly individualist—rather intensifies our perception of its grave defects. For instance, it is a pity that writers should not have been selected who were generally better known or more evenly matched, and that they sometimes decorate their statement of interesting, but often very disputable, matter by silly gibes at book-learning and existing systems of primary education. We could wish they had given a thought to the evils of uncontrolled monopolies as known in the United States, that they had dealt more fully with the liquor traffic and compulsory arbitration in trade disputes, that they had not omitted the Poor Law system and the regulation of merchant shipping; and that such varied illustration and multifarious repetition were not sometimes spent in elucidating the obvious. An attack on "Socialistic Legislation" is timely enough, especially now that a section of the Conservative party are preparing to advocate a "Labour Policy" with a zeal that is not likely to be according to knowledge; but it should surely take into account the difference between three kinds of legislative interference—restriction for the good of the person restricted (paternal government proper), which nobody now will advocate seriously; restriction to promote the greater liberty of others; and that kind of interference which may be incidentally restriction, but is essentially supersession of private enterprise—in the postal service, for instance, or the supply of water and gas. It is the two latter kinds, of course, which are in question. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer now partly admits the third—in maintaining the currency, for instance; and how far the State or the Municipality may go in either is, as Mr. Donisthorpe's essay practically admits, to be decided by "middle principles" learnt by experience.

From this point of view, we do not think the writers do their work very well. The book suggests comparison with the Fabian Essays. But these writers have not the common basis of definite theory

which gives strength and vigour to the style of the champions of Socialism. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a weighty introduction, urges that men become conscious of social evils only as those evils begin to diminish, and that the impatience which naturally ensues is now tending to carry us back from the industrial to the militant type of society. He repeats his well-known contrast of these types, urges the danger of an army of Government inspectors, and—in insisting on his old thesis, that in social matters it is the unintended that happens—suggests that these officials may form a new hereditary aristocracy. Surely the natural quarrelsomeness of mankind, especially of Socialists, would prevent this. A sketch of the conversion of the Liberal party to Home Rule suggests that (as in the “Descriptive Sociology”) here and there, he has drawn his information, through a secretary, from a most untrustworthy source—in this case the Unionist press. Otherwise his paper deserves all the respect his name must command for it. But it does not take us very far—for instance, it nowhere comes near municipal Socialism.

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Mr. Alford, as the vicar of a poor London parish, upholds school fees to keep alive the sense of parental responsibility. But compulsory education is often a grievous burden to the parent; the main benefit is to society; and the friction and worry attending collection are immense. Mr. Millar’s paper on the Evils of State Trading, and Mr. O’Brien’s on Free Libraries, have each a radical flaw. Mr. Millar actually takes commercial success as the sole test of efficiency in the Parcels Post and Postal Telegraphs; just as if they did not exist to do what commercial enterprise would not. Mr. O’Brien shows by statistics that the staple of free libraries is fiction, and infers that they are a mere device for making the many pay for the amusement of the (comparatively) few. His facts have been dealt with by the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but even granting them all, it may be answered—If they aid a few students here and there to get culture themselves and promote it in others, their defenders may be amply satisfied. Mr. O’Brien does not realise the immensity of the necessary waste in educational matters, as in everything else in an imperfect world.

Mr. Auberon Herbert’s closing essay sketches the True Line of Deliverance—free combination by workmen and masters alike, to diffuse information, classify labour, and invest savings, so as to unite the interests of labour and capital. The ideal is attractive, though we doubt if goods would sell were it known that the factory which made them only employed third-rate workers; but, as with other ideals, legislation has to recognise the hardness of the human heart. Just as divorce is legal, and wives can control their own property, though one of these provisions at least conflicts with the highest ethical ideal, so there must be some interference of law to restrict the abuses which arise under free contract when the parties are very unequal. And “the perpetual forestalling of honest human effort,” which the book so strongly condemns, is, after all, only a forestalling of men by men, usually with the avowed aim of increasing general human freedom. A new Wilhelm von Humboldt or another Mill might give us a general theory, and formulate afresh some of those “middle principles” which should guide its application to practice. But it cannot be properly done by a scratch team of essayists, who have no common creed except that Government interference is nearly always wrong, who seldom consider the alternatives to it, and who so frequently illustrate their theory (such as it is) by misapplied inferences from most disputable facts.

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THE third and last volume of the singular correspondence between Lord Grey and Madame de Lieven begins a few weeks after Lord Grey’s final resignation. It ends a few years before his death, when he had been forgotten by almost everyone, and had become, as was perhaps natural, excessively peevish and morose. Like Lord Melbourne, he complained of being deserted by his friends, and even regretted, in a manner unbecoming so orthodox a Whig, the absence of notice by the Court. When he died, at the age of eighty, twelve years before Madame de

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But if Lord Grey's injunctions were disregarded by his fair friend, the consequences are not important enough to be mischievous. The Whigs of that period made a nice family party, and enjoyed themselves very much at the public expense. But their opinions of each other, which are characterised for the most part by domestic and familiar acerbity, do not matter much to anybody now. It is, however, only fair to say that Lord Grey remained throughout his long life faithful to the rather stiff and narrow, though essentially sound and honest, constitutionalism in which he had been brought up. He disliked O'Connell, and is grossly, even ludicrously, unfair to him. He calls him an "unprincipled ruffian," and declares that the Irish leader had no other object than "his own sordid interest or dishonest ambition." He left public life for ever rather than have anything to do with the Liberator. Yet when in 1835 there was a clamour for the prosecution of O'Connell, with which Madame de Lieven, of course, sympathised, Lord Grey wrote, "I do not concur with you as to the expediency of prosecuting him. Such measures seldom succeed. All experience, from our Revolution in 1688 downwards, is against them. Such prosecutions, if they fail, stamp the weakness of the Government; if they succeed, the agitator is converted into a martyr, and his influence increased." There are some better things in the world than Whiggery. But there are many worse. Lord Grey in 1835 was, at least, wiser than Mr. Balfour in 1891. Lord Grey was also above the childish sophistry which pretends that coercion is not coercion when applied to Ireland. He carried a very strong Coercion Act in 1833. But he calls it by its proper name, and would have considered it hardly honest to say that the coercion was on the other side. The Dissident Liberals of to-day are less liberal than the Whigs of half a century ago.

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be remembered that this was the Administration which succeeded Lord Grey's, which after a brief interval had returned to power, and which Lord Grey regarded with a not altogether benevolent neutrality. Indeed, if the Tories could have maintained even the show of decency, he would probably have supported them. But perhaps the most creditable passage in all his correspondence is his final postscript. "Pray offer to M. Guizot," he wrote in August, 1841, "my best remembrances, if he thinks them worth accepting. If anything would make me wish for a return to power, it would be the hope of co-operating with him for the purpose of maintaining peace and amity between France and England." Sir Robert Peel's Government, which was then in office, survived Lord Grey. But no statesman could desire a better epitaph for his tombstone than these noble and dignified words.

We cannot think that Mr. Le Strange's volumes present a pleasing or an endearing portrait of Madame de Lieven. She seems to us, in spite of Mr. Greville, an intriguing mischief-maker, whom Lord Palmerston, her pet enemy, understood better than anybody else. But her bitterest foes would have been touched by this latest batch of her letters. Banished from England, which she loved, compelled to live in Petersburg, which she hated, until the Emperor's displeasure, against which she dared not rebel, removed her from his dominions, and separated her from the protection of her husband, she lost two of her sons from scarlet fever within a few weeks, and never saw the Prince again before his death. It was not a happy marriage, nor was the society in which the exalted couple lived observant of matrimonial vows. But the Princess seems to have been really fond of her children, and to have felt the solace of her lovers at times insufficient.

One of her occupations was prophecy, but in the exercise of this art she was not felicitous. In 1834 she wrote that "Palmerston's reinstatement in office must be impossible; anything else may come to pass, but he cannot come back to Downing Street, and I can rest in peace on this matter at least." In 1835, during the first brief Administration of Sir Robert Peel, she says that "if the Conservatives are turned out of office," as they speedily were, "the King will have no choice but to take his departure and go to end his reign in Hanover." In 1837 she predicted that the Queen would marry Lord Melbourne. Lord Grey, of course, knew better than to fall into these absurdities. But he actually believed that Queen Adelaide was likely to have a child after her husband's accession to the throne, and in 1834 he agreed with the Duke of Bedford that Lord John Russell, "from bodily strength, if from no other cause," was unequal to leading the House of Commons.

This is not, any more than its predecessor, altogether a discreet volume. Most people who would care for the information know that Charles Greville's friend, Lord De Ros, cheated at cards. But that the late Duke of Cambridge was "either mad or perpetually tipsy" is a statement which might have given employment for Mr. Le Strange's favourite asterisks.

A BRAHMIN ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

OPINIONS ON SOCIAL MATTERS OF SIR T. MADAVA ROW, K.C.S.I. Madras. Printed at "The Madras Ripon Press," 1890.

RAJAH SIR MADAVA ROW, of Madras, has put together in a little volume some of the opinions on social matters to which he has from time to time given utterance, either in communications to Indian journals or in letters to his Hindu friends. The Rajah has long been known as an enlightened but temperate advocate of social reforms among his countrymen, and it is with much regret that many of his friends and admirers have heard of the leading part which he has recently taken in opposition to the very modest and cautious measure of legislation

which gives strength and vigour to the style of the champions of Socialism. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a weighty introduction, urges that men become conscious of social evils only as those evils begin to diminish, and that the impatience which naturally ensues is now tending to carry us back from the industrial to the militant type of society. He repeats his well-known contrast of these types, urges the danger of an army of Government inspectors, and—insisting on his old thesis, that in social matters it is the unintended that happens—suggests that these officials may form a new hereditary aristocracy. Surely the natural quarrelsomeness of mankind, especially of Socialists, would prevent this. A sketch of the conversion of the Liberal party to Home Rule suggests that (as in the "Descriptive Sociology") here and there, he has drawn his information, through a secretary, from a most untrustworthy source—in this case the Unionist press. Otherwise his paper deserves all the respect his name must command for it. But it does not take us very far—for instance, it nowhere comes near municipal Socialism.

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Although Lord Grey was intensely Conservative, and thought all human wrongs had been redressed by the Reform Bill, he had no love for the Tories, and lashed their follies with an unsparing hand. "To judge from their papers," he writes in April, 1835, "the Tories seem to be maddened to a degree of rage and bitterness of which there is no former example. The course they are pursuing is one of extreme wickedness, tending to inflame religious dissension, and by any means, lawful or unlawful, to excite hatred of the new Government." It must

be remembered that this was the Administration which succeeded Lord Grey's, which after a brief interval had returned to power, and which Lord Grey regarded with a not altogether benevolent neutrality. Indeed, if the Tories could have maintained even the show of decency, he would probably have supported them. But perhaps the most creditable passage in all his correspondence is his final postscript. "Pray offer to M. Guizot," he wrote in August, 1841, "my best remembrances, if he thinks them worth accepting. If anything would make me wish for a return to power, it would be the hope of co-operating with him for the purpose of maintaining peace and amity between France and England." Sir Robert Peel's Government, which was then in office, survived Lord Grey. But no statesman could desire a better epitaph for his tombstone than these noble and dignified words.

We cannot think that Mr. Le Strange's volumes present a pleasing or an endearing portrait of Madame de Lieven. She seems to us, in spite of Mr. Greville, an intriguing mischief-maker, whom Lord Palmerston, her pet enemy, understood better than anybody else. But her bitterest foes would have been touched by this latest batch of her letters. Banished from England, which she loved, compelled to live in Petersburg, which she hated, until the Emperor's displeasure, against which she dared not rebel, removed her from his dominions, and separated her from the protection of her husband, she lost two of her sons from scarlet fever within a few weeks, and never saw the Prince again before his death. It was not a happy marriage, nor was the society in which the exalted couple lived observant of matrimonial vows. But the Princess seems to have been really fond of her children, and to have felt the solace of her lovers at times insufficient.

One of her occupations was prophecy, but in the exercise of this art she was not felicitous. In 1834 she wrote that "Palmerston's reinstatement in office must be impossible; anything else may come to pass, but he cannot come back to Downing Street, and I can rest in peace on this matter at least." In 1835, during the first brief Administration of Sir Robert Peel, she says that "if the Conservatives are turned out of office," as they speedily were, "the King will have no choice but to take his departure and go to end his reign in Hanover." In 1837 she predicted that the Queen would marry Lord Melbourne. Lord Grey, of course, knew better than to fall into these absurdities. But he actually believed that Queen Adelaide was likely to have a child after her husband's accession to the throne, and in 1834 he agreed with the Duke of Bedford that Lord John Russell, "from bodily strength, if from no other cause," was unequal to leading the House of Commons.

This is not, any more than its predecessor, altogether a discreet volume. Most people who would care for the information know that Charles Greville's friend, Lord De Ros, cheated at cards. But that the late Duke of Cambridge was "either mad or perpetually tipsy" is a statement which might have given employment for Mr. Le Strange's favourite asterisks.

A BRAHMIN ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

OPINIONS ON SOCIAL MATTERS OF SIR T. MADAVA ROW, K.C.S.I.
Madras. Printed at "The Madras Ripon Press." 1890.

RAJAH SIR MADAVA ROW, of Madras, has put together in a little volume some of the opinions on social matters to which he has from time to time given utterance, either in communications to Indian journals or in letters to his Hindu friends. The Rajah has long been known as an enlightened but temperate advocate of social reforms among his countrymen, and it is with much regret that many of his friends and admirers have heard of the leading part which he has recently taken in opposition to the very modest and cautious measure of legislation

now under consideration by the Government of India. Those, however, who differ from him on this point will find much to learn from the little book which he has now published. It is impossible for an Englishman to understand the difficulties of the questions raised by Mr. Malabari's crusade against infant marriage unless he endeavours to realise the facts of Hindu life, and the point of view from which the changes advocated both in the English and in the Indian press are regarded by an orthodox Brahmin, even when deeply tinged by contact with Western civilisation. Of such a Brahmin, cherishing on the one hand the venerated social customs of his race and faith, but acknowledging on the other the necessity and expediency of accommodating those customs to the changed conditions of modern Indian life, no better representative could be found than Sir Madava Row.

His discourses range over a considerable variety of subjects—all of them, however, circling round the central question of the position of women. He begins with some remarks on female education, and, by the means of an imaginary conversation between a Hindu father and mother about the education of their child, draws a really touching and beautiful picture of the home life and training of a Hindu girl, of its simple pleasures and duties, and of the ideal to which it endeavours to conform. His treatment of the subject is eminently Conservative, and is not unlike such as might be expected from a French Catholic of good family and orthodox views. The anxious mother of his conversation fears that if her little girl were sent to school she would grow up ignorant of the necessary household arts, full of unnecessary accomplishments and fanciful requirements, and, finally, "like a beast, without religion." She would poison her family by boiling tamarinds in a copper pot, would be a stranger to the family cow, would crowd the little house with chairs for herself and all her friends to sit upon, and would take to singing foreign and unintelligible songs. And, "whatever you may say, my dear husband, to the contrary, I am decidedly of opinion that our girls are best brought up at home, where they are free from the company of low-class girls."

The lady apparently ends by having her way, and the Rajah evidently sympathises with her. He looks on the emancipated woman with terror and aversion, attaches little importance to intellectual as distinguished from moral training, and, in assessing, after the manner of a Civil Service Commissioner, the commendable qualities of a Hindu woman, allots 1,000 marks to obedience to parents and husband, 10,000 to sundry other moral qualities, and a modicum of 400 to "knowledge of the three Rs. in the vernacular."

About the vexed question of the age of marriage Sir Madava Row has much to say, and much wholesome advice to give. He admits the magnitude of the evils arising from infant marriages, and admits that these evils are worst among the Brahmins. He deplores and condemns the tendency of the lower castes to adopt Brahmin customs on this point, and would approve of legislation to check that tendency by the imposition of fines, or even by the invalidation of marriage. But no such legislation should apply to the sacred caste. This is the genuine Brahmin view. The Government may and should legislate as it thinks best for the common herd; but the Brahmin is bound by his sacred law, which must not be touched, and which must be observed even when apparently contrary to nature and reason. "There is a natural and reasonable age," says our Brahmin, in his words of advice to non-Brahmins; "there is a natural and reasonable age for marrying girls. Brahmins marry them much earlier, because they feel compelled by religion and custom to do so. But you are under no such obligation. You are at liberty to marry your girls at the natural and reasonable age; and yet most of you do not exercise that liberty. Is this right?" But, we may ask in turn, is the obligation imposed, even on the Brah-

min, by the sacred law, really so absolute as is suggested here? Some admissions in another place throw doubt on this point. "Why blame the Shastras?" asks our author, in one of his reforming moods. "The Brahmins might marry their girls after they reach the tenth year of their age. Statistics clearly show that they would materially benefit by doing so. The Shastras do not forbid their doing so. Neither does custom; neither does natural reason. Consummation of marriage might be postponed a year or two after the attainment of puberty. The Shastras, custom, and natural reason, do not forbid it." If this be so, and it is a distinguished Brahmin who makes the statement, it is not open to Brahmins to contend that Lord Lansdowne's legislation is inconsistent with their sacred law. That legislation, it will be remembered, is directed only against the premature consummation of marriage, and will not prevent the custom of solemnising irrevocable marriages between infants—a custom which, according to figures cited by Sir Madava Row from the last census, produced 54,000 widows under ten years of age in India generally, and 5,600 such widows in the Madras Presidency alone. As to the treatment of Hindu widows, Sir Madava Row uses language with which we should all sympathise. He is sceptical about re-marriage as a panacea, but he would ameliorate the widow's lot in every possible way. He stigmatises the shaving of young Hindu widows as "a very cruel practice," would hold it up to public reprobation by means of representations on the native stage, and would facilitate police intervention to prevent it. He would endeavour to give widows some special protection against the frauds to which they are exposed, and thinks something might be done for them by enabling them to purchase life annuities with the property of which they are so liable to be deprived.

On minor social reforms Sir Madava Row discourses with much shrewdness and good sense. He abounds in advice to ladies. He does not see why they should blacken their teeth, make their skins yellow with saffron, and dye their fingers, toes, and nails a dull red colour. Nor does he approve of the practice of taking the natural curl out of the hair by means of beeswax. He thinks gold waist-belts are "too costly, and inconvenient, because inelastic." He would abolish nose-rings; or, if this would be a too radical measure for Conservatives, would at least reduce their size and weight. The taste for earrings, too, has been carried to an excess. He has seen glass knobs for doors imported from Europe sometimes preferred for the ears. Tattooing is another relic of primitive barbarism which he would do away with. For all these practices, however, he admits that the women themselves are not so much to blame as their male admirers. He would encourage the use, among native ladies, of pocket-handkerchiefs, shoes, and umbrellas.

Sir Madava Row discourses on all these topics in a simple and racy style, and with a mixture of common-sense and occasional bigotry, which often reminds one of Cobbett. His little book is eminently readable, and it is much to be desired that it should be published in a form which would make it more accessible to the English public.

A BOOK OF JUDGMENTS.

ON RIGHT AND WRONG. By William Samuel Lilly. Second Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

MR. LILLY wields a facile and industrious pen; large phrases, that quickly run into essays and soon get made into books, fall from it as easily as rain from the roof. He understands the excellence of good paper, large type, analytical summaries, and copious indices. His easy writing is easy reading, and so in a few months we have a new edition of his last book. The dedication, with its adroit compliments to the dedicatory, must have been agreeable reading to "My dear Creighton." Mr. Lilly says: "It is an age of loose

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thinking, and of looser writing," and in presence of his own book one dare not disagree with him. He is always most felicitous when he characterises the man he criticises, and nowhere does his exquisite taste so truly speak. Mr. Harrison "cannot conceive of deity save as abominous." "Renan is ever haunted by the suspicion that, after all, Gavroche may be right; that *jouir et mépriser* may be the last word of the true philosopher." Mr. John Morley speaks "with the quiet contempt of one who is most ignorant of what he is most assured." Mr. Matthew Arnold is reproved for having "cast aside his singing robes, and dallied with philosophy"—the latter reproach in the mouth or on the pen of Mr. Lilly! Mr. Gladstone "follows his conscience, much as a man follows the horse he drives," though with graceful tact our author gives this as what the masses "are inclined to think;" while the more discerning and enlightened classes *know* "that his apparent tergiversations are merely psychological peculiarities." These represent the calm and high, the truly just and philosophical spirit of our author. His book is quite an extensive *répertoire* of ready-made judgments on living celebrities. To all who are on such matters uncertain or diffident, or restrained by so antiquated a thing as Christian charity, this book may be commended; they will find enough in it to help them to judge with adequate severity and the least possible pains the evil of the age, and some of the good men who are trying to make it better.

As to the substance of the work, it is hardly possible to take it as a serious attempt at dealing with the philosophy of "Right and Wrong." There is too much writing, and we may even say, railing at random, to permit of detailed criticism. Mr. Lilly is an earnest, but not a serious writer; he is very clever, his essays would make excellent talk in the club or over "the walnuts and the wine"; but, though he criticises many persons and things, he is without the faculty of the constructive critic; though he philosophises much, he is no philosopher. There is no man who damages the cause of religious truth so much as the unskilled yet utterly daring critic, who often strikes at his enemy's heart through his own. And of this sort Mr. Lilly is a conspicuous example: the men and systems he opposes ought to be grateful for a book like his. It is absurd to speak of "the morality of the old civilisation of Egypt and of India," and "the ancient phase of the Hellenic," as "bound up with their religions." The very opposite could be said with as much truth. Philosophy did more for morality in Greece than ever religion did; and the gravest of all the immoralities of India are those that have the sanction of religion. The naturalism of to-day is decency compared with the naturalism of the Italian Renaissance; the conscience of to-day, both as regards public and private morality, is more keen than the Mediæval conscience, and strikes down the offender with a more awful severity. Taking it all in all, and allowing for the differences in the range and varieties of intellectual and literary activity, there never was an age freer from scepticism or more averse to materialism than ours. In the systems Mr. Lilly so glibly condemns as materialistic, there are often elements of ethical grandeur that shame the arid subtleties and, now and then, earthly maxims, of doctors he devoutly quotes. And the man who would be a just critic must be able to see all the real good and all the possible promise in the systems and men he examines. There is, indeed, no person so unjust as the indiscriminating judge. One of the things Mr. Lilly likes is to condemn his opponent by a word of evil connotation. Thus he says, "There are only two possible foundations of morality—conscience and concupiscence"—knowing right well how offensive the latter word would be to many a high-minded hedonist, and how misleading to almost all his readers. And then he puts an explanation in a note to the effect: "I use the word in its proper philosophical sense;" but he forgets to say

that the definition he appends comes from so unquestioned an authority on philosophy as the Roman Catechism. Where does he find evidence for words like the following?—"The language of the *lupanar* is heard from virginal lips. Things which it is a shame even to speak of, are calmly discussed by beauty just out of the nursery. 'Si un homme épouse une jeune femme élevée à la moderne, il risque fort d'épouser une petite courtisane,' debauched in mind, if physically intact." We are shocked at such statements; we believe them to be as foolish as they are reckless, as false as they are cruel, and calculated to create suspicion where to suspect is to be lastingly and fatally injured. Does Mr. Lilly really in the heart of him believe that our educated young-womanhood is as extensively or intensively tainted as was that of the court and times of Louis le Grand or our own second Charles? or that the literature it reads is as filthy as was theirs? If he does so, then we are surprised at his belief, but not at his judgment, though we are grateful that his knowledge and experience are not ours.

HIGH TIME TO AWAKE.

DREAMS. By Olive Schreiner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

MANY people are dissatisfied with this book, because it is somewhat exiguous. But Miss Schreiner may very well retort that she only speaks when she has something to say; and a reviewer must needs respect, if he cannot imitate, this restraint. It seems a long while ago that she purified our emotions with "The Story of an African Farm," and most writers of the sort that travels far would have followed up a like success by failing in three volumes without loss of time. Such is the way of the hearty. They ride a-tilt, and tumble, and break some pretty features; and scramble up, smiling, in time to win the prize. Miss Schreiner—we say it sadly, well knowing that nothing could offend her more—behaves in a more timid and ladylike manner. She, whose chosen mission it is to put self-confidence into woman, appears to lack confidence in herself. She ignores the duty and privilege of genius—to make a big failure or two. "Dreams" is a success, in its way; and it may only be excused, as the famous baby was excused, for being "such a very little one."

It seemed, as one read "The Story of an African Farm," that here was a writer with the wit to perceive that, to express herself, she must find a method of her own, and with the pluck to hunt for it. The book was incoherent, faulty, without balance. But who demands or desires perfection in a first effort? Mere intellectual strength and sincerity are there (if not everywhere) worth all the style and form in the world. But the book in one place gave a hint of weakness. Some critics thought it very bold of Miss Schreiner to stick a long allegory into the heart of her story. It was unusual, no doubt, and startled the reader. But there was no more strength in it than in a fainting-fit: in fact it was an access of weakness. One may lay it down as a rule that a writer of fiction who sets certain characters in motion succeeds in proportion as he makes those characters express their natures and aims in life, by their conversation and their action upon each other. And as the author has deliberately chosen his characters to illustrate life as he sees it, he can only blame himself if they fail. Half-way through "The Story of an African Farm," Miss Schreiner appears to have distrusted the lucidity with which her characters were exhibiting her view; and has recourse to explanation in the allegory reprinted in this volume under the title of "The Hunter." There was perhaps no ground for her timidity: the story was clear enough to an intelligent reader without the allegory. Still, there it stands, to prove that Miss Schreiner had a defective trust in herself.

Now it may be observed that, of all kinds of fiction, the allegory and its twin sister, the fable, are the very easiest to write. It is all *à priori*

work. Take a general proposition—something in the form of a proverb, for choice—and you have merely to illustrate it out of your head, in the crudest manner. Probability counts for nothing: observation of nature is a positive hindrance to you. The study of delicate shades of emotion, the details in which one human being differs from another—all particulars in fact—are beside your purpose. If you place your puppets in an impossible world, so much the better. The result is occasionally effective; but it is always jejune to the reader as soon as he calls to mind the warmth of human blood, and the taste of human tears, in works which rest on the inductive method and the painful study of men and women. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is called an allegory: but who can enjoy it till he forgets the abstractions which Faithful (for instance) or Giant Pope, or Doubting Castle is supposed to represent? It is precisely where Bunyan forgets to be allegorical that he charms; and he was too big a man to remember it for long.

Miss Schreiner succeeded in writing a very fair specimen of the allegory. In this book she repeats her success several times, not recognising the cheapness of it. This way lies artistic death, with the approval of the circulating libraries. In the other direction lie dissatisfaction and failure and greatness.

If we followed the usual practice of reviewers and considered this book on its own merits, we could praise it very heartily. Certain of the allegories are extremely beautiful; and the writer's English has gained in restraint without losing the musical quality which it possessed from the first. Some critics object to the frequency with which "And he said," "And I said" occur throughout the book; but for the same reason they would have to condemn Plato. Allegory demands a severely conventional treatment in this respect. Indeed it may well be argued that our novelists underrate the value of simplicity in reporting conversations between their characters; and that the frankly commonplace "he said" is a deal better than "he flashed," "he jerked out," "he shuffled," "he hiccupped" and the like; for if a writer tries to be unusual for the sake of diversifying his page, he is merely falling out of one conventionalism into another. The "I saids," at any rate, are as proper to allegory as the *envoy* is to the ballade.

There is much fine thought in "Dreams"; and sometimes it is put with rare effectiveness, as in "A Dream of Wild Bees," "I Thought I Stood," and certain parts of the most important allegory in the volume, "The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed." The scene of the banqueting house in this last "dream" haunts the reader long after he has closed the book. It is very far, too, from our desire to speak a word in condemnation of Olive Schreiner's views of life. We class her dreams with Tourguénieff's "Senilia" for truth and beauty of execution: and nobody can call this slight praise. Nevertheless the execution is not enormously difficult, and a noble truth is easily treated in allegory, but hardly in a story of men and women and their actions. The "Senilia," after all, are poor achievements if we compare them with "Virgin Soil." To apprehend and illustrate a general proposition is a very different matter from following it out through a tangle of particulars and making it luminous in the dust and stir and dirt of human life.

And so we must refuse our praise to this volume, not for its own sake, but for the writer's. She is one of the half a dozen writers who, in the last year or two, have led open-eyed critics to hope that a new and brilliant era awaits the English novel, which assuredly can only live by extending its scope or working out new methods in the face of tradition. Remembering the laws of probability, we must expect two or three of these writers to fail by the way. Will Olive Schreiner be one of the defaulters? She will if she forgets her courage and the humility which constrains an artist to study the minute detail of life before he thrusts general propositions on the world.

HALF A DOZEN POETS.

LOVE'S VINTAGE. By W. St. Clair Baddeley. THE REPENTANCE OF MAGDALENÉ DESPAR. By G. Essex Evans. London: Sampson Low.

OF JOYOUS GARD. By Ælian Prince. London: E. W. Allen.

LYRICS FROM THE HILLS. By Charles Armstrong Fox. London: Elliot Stock.

THE SHADOWS OF THE LAKE. By F. Leyton. LYRICS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lady Lindsay. London: Kegan Paul.

THIS is not Mr. Baddeley's first volume, and the craftsmanship displayed in "Lotus Leaves" led us to open "Love's Vintage" with some hope, which, on the whole, has not been disappointed. A fine feeling for the glories of colour and light, reproduced in choice diction and a variety of measures, characterises all Mr. Baddeley's verse. The lyrics "The Gondolier" and "Sunrise" may be specially noted; but the sonnets, of which there are over a hundred, are not so pleasing. Eighty-two of them fill the first half of the book, and the fault we have to find with the whole sequence is that it reads like a *tour de force*. The breathless haste and the frequent carelessness of this composition point to its having been written in a hurry—say, at the rate of a stanza a day. Doubtless, it is very tempting and very easy to turn off a verse of fourteen lines every morning; but that is not how sonnets are written. Even the lyrics, which we have already said are better than the sonnets, are like the amusements of leisure than the work of a man in earnest. Mr. Baddeley will be a poet when he finds a subject.

In spite of a verbosity which it would be difficult to parallel, the verse of Mr. G. Essex Evans possesses good qualities. The fault referred to is largely due to the long measures which Mr. Evans insists on using. In English it is very difficult to make poetry with a long line. Tennyson succeeds in "The Grandmother" and "Rizpah." The directness and simplicity of these ballads contrast strongly with the rhetoric of "Locksley Hall," and of much of Mr. Swinburne's long-lined verse. Mr. Evans's "Magdalené Despar," "John Raeburn," "A Medley," etc., are not poetical but rhetorical works, containing many sounding lines, suffused with the emotion of the orator—so much more frequently the effect than the source of the words employed. The long line and the oratorical emotion lead to strange results with Mr. Evans, such as causing the shore-line to faint in the west

"Till the purple star-flushed ocean clasped her to him like a lover,"

the feminine pronoun referring to a drowning lady. The best piece is "The Black Knight," but, as told, the story is very improbable. Warm sympathy with all that is human, and an artistic power of attacking the subject promptly, are the pleasing qualities in this book. The author would, however, be more likely to succeed in prose.

Mr. Ælian Prince, whose poem "Of Palamide" had some merit, has not improved in his new volume "Of Joyous Gard." It tells the story of the conversion of Palamide, and of the deaths of Tristram and Isolde; but it is unreadable. Mr. Prince has neither narrative nor dramatic power. The verse is hard, and the grammatical construction often difficult, and not seldom ridiculous. And yet the writing is imbued with "the great intent of chivalry—its dedicated fire, impassioned heart, and sacrifice." The two best lines in the book are wonderfully applicable to its contents. They are descriptive of an abashed messenger who says his short errand like one who sings

"His verse with all the words of all its thoughts,
Yet lacks the master-key of melody."

These are admirable lines; but in the original there is only a comma at "melody," and the sentence ends

"Foliage at once and flower of human voice."

This illustrates very aptly Mr. Prince's inability to stop. Still, he should write again. He seems to be a poet, if he could only acquire a means of utterance.

"There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them without signification." To minor poets this is a very attractive saying. Two of the half-dozen whose works we are glancing at use it as a sort of extenuation. Mr. C. A. Fox applies it to his whole volume of "Lyrics from the Hills," and Mr. F. Leyton prefixes it to one of his poems entitled "Many Voices." It is quite true that there is no poetical voice, however thin and cracked, which is altogether without signification. Poets, great and little, have this in common—that, like Don Adriano de Armado, they are ravished by the music of their own tongues; but there the significance of the minor poet's voice is apt to end. If we may judge from their self-confident prefatory notes, the works of Messrs. Leyton and Fox have this significance in a special measure. Of "Shadows of the Lake" there is not much to be said. The main poem is the story of the loves of a maiden, called Dorti, and a swain, name unknown, who are drowned in the same lake, and whose spirits are blended into one and seen floating over the water. Mr. Leyton's method, so far as he has one, reminds us of the Scriptural poems of the late N. P. Willis.

Mr. Fox cannot be dismissed so briefly. He writes poetry with a purpose. He wishes to discover the touch of God everywhere in the Divine Book of Nature—"the book of plates to which the written Word is the text," as he phrases it in his fanciful way. The imaginative faculty, Mr. Fox thinks, is an additional sense, instead of being a want of sense; and we agree with his meaning. This is just the faculty, however, in which Mr. Fox is deficient. Fancy he has in superabundance; but it is the want of imagination which leads him to talk of Browning's "mighty harmonies" driving "their fierce furrows of volcanic thought down culture's calm cheek," and to inquire anxiously on seeing a rainbow—

"My God, is *this* Thy bow?
What must Thine arrows be?"

Apart from its impotence, it would be difficult to find a better illustration of illogical fancy than is contained in these two lines. Humour is not necessarily found along with imagination; but it is always absent if imagination be wanting. Hence Mr. Fox writes a serious elegy on the death of a favourite pony in the style of the oft-parodied "My Mother," and addresses some rejected MSS. in a solemn sonnet beginning—

"Welcome, sweet children, to your home again.
And did blind publishers not see your worth,
Never suspect your high immortal birth?"

It is a relief, after the straining and unreality which marks even the best of the five preceding volumes, to turn to Lady Lindsay's "Lyrics." The unaffected sincerity of "A Woman's Story" and "Her Last Letter," which were first printed respectively in the *English Illustrated Magazine* and *Macmillan's Magazine*, must have struck all who had the good fortune to read them on their original appearance. Yet they are not by any means the best of Lady Lindsay's lyrics. The first poem in this charming volume, "The Field Workers," in its sympathy with the sombre side of peasant life reminds us of Millet's pictures. In another vein "The Pearl Gatherer" surprises by its understanding of deep things; and as an example of the poet in her prevailing mood of homely pathos we may quote the little poem called "An Old Book":—

"An old torn book, with one pale rose
Crushed in its yellow pages:
I have held it in my hand,
No read it thus for ages.

"Nay, formerly, the print was good,
Or else mine eyes were better;
For now they're full of tears—too full
To see a single letter."

In conclusion, of these six writers, the most intellectual is certainly Elian Prince, and the best poet as certainly Lady Lindsay.

FICTION IN THREE SIZES.

1. CONSEQUENCES. By Egerton Castle. Three vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.
2. UNDER SENTENCE. By Mary Cross. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
3. A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS: AND OTHER TALES. By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

FROM such a title as "Consequences" one might conjecture that the story would have a clever plot, a gloomy atmosphere, and an obvious moral. This is not altogether the case; the plot is clever, and it is well managed, but its weak points can be detected; and if the atmosphere is not exactly cheerful, at any rate Mr. Egerton Castle has not damaged the cause of morality by preaching an obvious moral. The story appears to deal with the advantages and disadvantages of surviving one's self. George Kerr, the hero—or rather, one of the two heroes—survived himself. He had married a Spanish lady, and the marriage was rendered unhappy by their difference in temperament. The unhappiness reached a crisis when George Kerr, by a letter, gave his wife the impression that he had committed suicide, while the rest of the world believed that he had met his death by accident. He had done neither. He had simply begun life afresh in another country as David Fergus. A quarter of a century elapsed before he started in search of the son who, he discovered, had been born to him shortly after his supposed death. He found him, and without revealing his relationship to him, became his friend. The complications which follow cannot— from want of space and in justice to the story—be given here. The book is undeniably interesting; it is written carefully, more carefully than the average fiction. Its conclusion is weak, but it contains some strong and impressive situations. One cannot add that the author shows remarkable quality and distinction. He has turned out careful, conscientious work, but nothing more; and his very carefulness seems to have made him at times tame and frigid. But we would sooner have this restraint than the opposite defect. It is more promising, more often accompanied by real power.

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It is a relief to turn from such a book to the work of an artist. Any one of the four tales which make up Mr. Bret Harte's new book is likely to give to any appreciative reader far more pleasure than all the other five volumes which we have noticed this week; and to say this is to say far too little. Any comparison of his work with average fiction is an injustice to Mr. Bret Harte. He belongs to a different world; he shares his strangely attractive quality with no one. His poetry, his brightness and humour, his power to construct and describe a dramatic situation, are all as noticeable in this last volume as in his previous work. Of the four stories, perhaps "A Sappho of Green Springs" is the most amusing, and "The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge" is the most impressive; if the other two stories pleased us less, we feel that is due less to their own defects than to the merit of their companions.

work. Take a general proposition—something in the form of a proverb, for choice—and you have merely to illustrate it out of your head, in the crudest manner. Probability counts for nothing: observation of nature is a positive hindrance to you. The study of delicate shades of emotion, the details in which one human being differs from another—all particulars in fact—are beside your purpose. If you place your puppets in an impossible world, so much the better. The result is occasionally effective; but it is always jejune to the reader as soon as he calls to mind the warmth of human blood, and the taste of human tears, in works which rest on the inductive method and the painful study of men and women. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is called an allegory: but who can enjoy it till he forgets the abstractions which Faithful (for instance) or Giant Pope, or Doubting Castle is supposed to represent? It is precisely where Bunyan forgets to be allegorical that he charms; and he was too big a man to remember it for long.

Miss Schreiner succeeded in writing a very fair specimen of the allegory. In this book she repeats her success several times, not recognising the cheapness of it. This way lies artistic death, with the approval of the circulating libraries. In the other direction lie dissatisfaction and failure and greatness.

If we followed the usual practice of reviewers and considered this book on its own merits, we could praise it very heartily. Certain of the allegories are extremely beautiful; and the writer's English has gained in restraint without losing the musical quality which it possessed from the first. Some critics object to the frequency with which "And he said," "And I said" occur throughout the book; but for the same reason they would have to condemn Plato. Allegory demands a severely conventional treatment in this respect. Indeed it may well be argued that our novelists underrate the value of simplicity in reporting conversations between their characters; and that the frankly commonplace "he said" is a deal better than "he flashed," "he jerked out," "he shuffled," "he hiccupped" and the like; for if a writer tries to be unusual for the sake of diversifying his page, he is merely falling out of one conventionalism into another. The "I saids," at any rate, are as proper to allegory as the *envoy* is to the ballade.

There is much fine thought in "Dreams"; and sometimes it is put with rare effectiveness, as in "A Dream of Wild Bees," "I Thought I Stood," and certain parts of the most important allegory in the volume, "The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed." The scene of the banqueting house in this last "dream" haunts the reader long after he has closed the book. It is very far, too, from our desire to speak a word in condemnation of Olive Schreiner's views of life. We class her dreams with Tourguénieff's "Senilia" for truth and beauty of execution: and nobody can call this slight praise. Nevertheless the execution is not enormously difficult, and a noble truth is easily treated in allegory, but hardly in a story of men and women and their actions. The "Senilia," after all, are poor achievements if we compare them with "Virgin Soil." To apprehend and illustrate a general proposition is a very different matter from following it out through a tangle of particulars and making it luminous in the dust and stir and dirt of human life.

And so we must refuse our praise to this volume, not for its own sake, but for the writer's. She is one of the half a dozen writers who, in the last year or two, have led open-eyed critics to hope that a new and brilliant era awaits the English novel, which assuredly can only live by extending its scope or working out new methods in the face of tradition. Remembering the laws of probability, we must expect two or three of these writers to fail by the way. Will Olive Schreiner be one of the defaulters? She will if she forgets her courage and the humility which constrains an artist to study the minute detail of life before he thrusts general propositions on the world.

HALF A DOZEN POETS.

LOVE'S VINTAGE. By W. St. Clair Baddeley. THE REPENTANCE OF MAGDALENÉ DESPAR. By G. Essex Evans. London: Sampson Low.

OF JOYOUS GARD. By Ælian Prince. London: E. W. Allen.

LYRICS FROM THE HILLS. By Charles Armstrong Fox. London: Elliot Stock.

THE SHADOWS OF THE LAKE. By F. Leyton. LYRICS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lady Lindsay. London: Kegan Paul.

THIS is not Mr. Baddeley's first volume, and the craftsmanship displayed in "Lotus Leaves" led us to open "Love's Vintage" with some hope, which, on the whole, has not been disappointed. A fine feeling for the glories of colour and light, reproduced in choice diction and a variety of measures, characterises all Mr. Baddeley's verse. The lyrics "The Gondolier" and "Sunrise" may be specially noted; but the sonnets, of which there are over a hundred, are not so pleasing. Eighty-two of them fill the first half of the book, and the fault we have to find with the whole sequence is that it reads like a *tour de force*. The breathless haste and the frequent carelessness of this composition point to its having been written in a hurry—say, at the rate of a stanza a day. Doubtless, it is very tempting and very easy to turn off a verse of fourteen lines every morning; but that is not how sonnets are written. Even the lyrics, which we have already said are better than the sonnets, are liker the amusements of leisure than the work of a man in earnest. Mr. Baddeley will be a poet when he finds a subject.

In spite of a verbosity which it would be difficult to parallel, the verse of Mr. G. Essex Evans possesses good qualities. The fault referred to is largely due to the long measures which Mr. Evans insists on using. In English it is very difficult to make poetry with a long line. Tennyson succeeds in "The Grandmother" and "Rizpah." The directness and simplicity of these ballads contrast strongly with the rhetoric of "Locksley Hall," and of much of Mr. Swinburne's long-lined verse. Mr. Evans's "Magdalené Despar," "John Raeburn," "A Medley," etc., are not poetical but rhetorical works, containing many sounding lines, suffused with the emotion of the orator—so much more frequently the effect than the source of the words employed. The long line and the oratorical emotion lead to strange results with Mr. Evans, such as causing the shore-line to faint in the west

"Till the purple star-flushed ocean clasped her to him like a lover,"

the feminine pronoun referring to a drowning lady. The best piece is "The Black Knight," but, as told, the story is very improbable. Warm sympathy with all that is human, and an artistic power of attacking the subject promptly, are the pleasing qualities in this book. The author would, however, be more likely to succeed in prose.

Mr. Ælian Prince, whose poem "Of Palamide" had some merit, has not improved in his new volume "Of Joyous Gard." It tells the story of the conversion of Palamide, and of the deaths of Tristram and Isolde; but it is unreadable. Mr. Prince has neither narrative nor dramatic power. The verse is hard, and the grammatical construction often difficult, and not seldom ridiculous. And yet the writing is imbued with "the great intent of chivalry—its dedicated fire, impassioned heart, and sacrifice." The two best lines in the book are wonderfully applicable to its contents. They are descriptive of an abashed messenger who says his short errand like one who sings

"His verse with all the words of all its thoughts,
Yet lacks the master-key of melody."

These are admirable lines; but in the original there is only a comma at "melody," and the sentence ends

"Foliage at once and flower of human voice."

This illustrates very aptly Mr. Prince's inability to stop. Still, he should write again. He seems to be a poet, if he could only acquire a means of utterance.

"There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them without signification." To minor poets this is a very attractive saying. Two of the half-dozen whose works we are glancing at use it as a sort of extenuation. Mr. C. A. Fox applies it to his whole volume of "Lyrics from the Hills," and Mr. F. Leyton prefixes it to one of his poems entitled "Many Voices." It is quite true that there is no poetical voice, however thin and cracked, which is altogether without signification. Poets, great and little, have this in common—that, like Don Adriano de Armado, they are ravished by the music of their own tongues; but there the significance of the minor poet's voice is apt to end. If we may judge from their self-confident prefatory notes, the works of Messrs. Leyton and Fox have this significance in a special measure. Of "Shadows of the Lake" there is not much to be said. The main poem is the story of the loves of a maiden, called Dorti, and a swain, name unknown, who are drowned in the same lake, and whose spirits are blended into one and seen floating over the water. Mr. Leyton's method, so far as he has one, reminds us of the Scriptural poems of the late N. P. Willis.

Mr. Fox cannot be dismissed so briefly. He writes poetry with a purpose. He wishes to discover the touch of God everywhere in the Divine Book of Nature—"the book of plates to which the written Word is the text," as he phrases it in his fanciful way. The imaginative faculty, Mr. Fox thinks, is an additional sense, instead of being a want of sense; and we agree with his meaning. This is just the faculty, however, in which Mr. Fox is deficient. Fancy he has in superabundance; but it is the want of imagination which leads him to talk of Browning's "mighty harmonies" driving "their fierce furrows of volcanic thought down culture's calm cheek," and to inquire anxiously on seeing a rainbow—

"My God, is *this* Thy bow?
What must Thine arrows be?"

Apart from its impotence, it would be difficult to find a better illustration of illogical fancy than is contained in these two lines. Humour is not necessarily found along with imagination; but it is always absent if imagination be wanting. Hence Mr. Fox writes a serious elegy on the death of a favourite pony in the style of the oft-parodied "My Mother," and addresses some rejected MSS. in a solemn sonnet beginning—

"Welcome, sweet children, to your home again.
And did blind publishers not see your worth,
Never suspect your high immortal birth?"

It is a relief, after the straining and unreality which marks even the best of the five preceding volumes, to turn to Lady Lindsay's "Lyrics." The unaffected sincerity of "A Woman's Story" and "Her Last Letter," which were first printed respectively in the *English Illustrated Magazine* and *Macmillan's Magazine*, must have struck all who had the good fortune to read them on their original appearance. Yet they are not by any means the best of Lady Lindsay's lyrics. The first poem in this charming volume, "The Field Workers," in its sympathy with the sombre side of peasant life reminds us of Millet's pictures. In another vein "The Pearl Gatherer" surprises by its understanding of deep things; and as an example of the poet in her prevailing mood of homely pathos we may quote the little poem called "An Old Book":—

"An old torn book, with one pale rose
Crushed in its yellow pages:
I have held it in my hand,
No read it thus for ages.

"Nay, formerly, the print was good,
Or else mine eyes were better;
For now they're full of tears—too full
To see a single letter."

In conclusion, of these six writers, the most intellectual is certainly Ælian Prince, and the best poet as certainly Lady Lindsay.

FICTION IN THREE SIZES.

1. CONSEQUENCES. By Egerton Castle. Three vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.
2. UNDER SENTENCE. By Mary Cross. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
3. A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS: AND OTHER TALES. By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

It was a happy thought on the part of the editor of "The Expositor's Bible" to ask permission to reprint, in that valuable series of commentaries, Dr. Cox's remarkable exposition on "The Book of Ecclesiastes." Nearly a quarter of a century has slipped past since "The Quest of the Chief Good" was published, and for more than twenty years that unconventional, but most suggestive book has been out of print. Dr. Cox has now re-written the work, but he has wisely retained, wherever possible, the earlier form, "lest the vivacity of a first exposition of the Scripture should be lost." Every student of the literature of the Old Testament is aware that this is the most luminous, original, and practical exposition of Ecclesiastes which is within the reach of ordinary English readers. Although it is written in a simple and attractive style, its critical vigour and scope were long ago recognised by scholars. Dr. Cox acknowledges his indebtedness to Ginsburg, Delitzsch, Wright, Plumptre, and Perowne. He is most of all indebted to his own scholarly conception of the structure and scope of the Hebrew text of the book, and to the spiritual insight which has enabled him to interpret its supreme message to this and every age.

The central idea of Dr. Paget's volume, "The Spirit of Discipline," is, according to his own showing, the power which the grace of God confers on men to extend or strengthen, by dutiful self-discipline, the empire of the will. The Church of England has recently lost more than one preacher of commanding ability and lofty eloquence, but in the line of succession to men of the stamp of Liddon and Church the writer of these finished and suggestive sermons unquestionably holds a foremost place. Dr. Paget's conception of the possibilities of life, even to those who can claim no special gift, is noble; and in these wise and earnest sermons he urges, with peculiar force and beauty, that each man can turn the "discipline" which he meets on his pathway through life to ends which make for progress or issues which mean defeat. This is an invigorating and uplifting book, and one which is marked to an unusual degree by manly straightforwardness, in which tenderness also has a part.

A book which everybody ought to read is "The Naturalist of Cumbria," a biography which, both in its subject and style, recalls the best and most popular works of Dr. Smiles. It is the story of the struggles and studies of Mr. David Robertson, a modest but distinguished votary of science, who was born in Glasgow in 1806, and who still lives, in a hale old age, at Millport, in his island home at the mouth of the Clyde. Mr. Robertson has been the architect of his own fortunes, and has risen from poverty to independence; and though left in boyhood, without education, to fight his own way, his services to science have repeatedly won recognition both in this country and abroad. He has in his time played many parts—from herd-boy to quarryman, weaver to tutor, medical student to merchant, but, from first to last, he has kept undimmed his enthusiasm for natural history. As a zoologist Mr. Robertson has won a truly enviable reputation, and the methods by which he gained it are delightfully set forth in this picturesque and attractive monograph. Mr. Stebbing states that the publication of the book is certainly not due to the vanity of the hero of his narrative; indeed, Mr. Robertson for a long time refused either to write such a record of his adventures himself or to entrust the task to another. He had even arranged that the materials on which the present narrative is based should be burnt whenever his own control over them should cease. The importunity of his friends, however, at length prevailed, and the public at large in consequence have now the chance of reading a fresh, and, in its way, a fascinating biography. Mr. Stebbing has caught with unusual skill the salient characteristics of a story of self-help and scientific research, and the narrative is all the more interesting because of the curious changes of fortune which befell Mr. Robertson in the course of his career. The quaint humour which pervades the book, and the lively anecdotes which frequently occur in its pages, per-

ceptibly heighten the charm of a clever and a striking bit of portraiture.

The new volume of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" appeals—like its immediate predecessor—both to antiquarians and to architects. The progress of architecture in England, from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, is illustrated by a series of minute descriptions of famous buildings, many of which have now disappeared. The book also contains interesting papers on some of the chief cathedrals of the land, notably York, Ely, and Durham. Mr. Gomme has edited the book with great care; and Mr. Wheatley, who is, of course, an authority on the ancient buildings and aspect of London, has enriched the portion of the volume which concerns the metropolis with some valuable notes.

Mr. Monteith Fotheringham went out to East Central Africa in 1882 as an agent of the African Lakes Company. He met with plenty of difficulty and a few adventures, and for two years he had a sharp struggle to hold his own against the wily Arab slave hunters. One of the chief reasons for the apparently indomitable vitality of slavery is, of course, a commercial one, and Mr. Fotheringham, in "Adventures in Nyassaland," thinks that when European trading stations are established in the chief Arab towns, the demand for slaves will in a large measure cease, for they will not then be required for the transit of ivory. We are afraid that slavery will die a very lingering death if this is the only method taken to hasten the extinction of the cursed traffic.

The need of a book, small in compass and elementary in character, containing a carefully graduated and practical series of "Lessons in Applied Mechanics," for the use of junior students of engineering, has long been felt by teachers. Professor Cotterill, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, has re-cast selected portions of his well-known advanced text-book on the subject, and, with the help of his assistant, Mr. J. H. Slade, has added much additional illustration of a kind which seems likely to meet the requirements of junior classes commencing the study of the subject. The examples—and they number upwards of two hundred and fifty—have, with scarcely an exception, been prepared specially for this book, and they greatly add to its utility as a handbook for schools and colleges.

Up to the present time there has not existed in the English language a treatise upon the fascinating modern science to which both the French and the Germans have given the name of "Geometry of Position." It is true Salmon's "Conic Sections" and "Higher Plane Curves" are concerned—in part, at least—with a similar set of problems; but the plan adopted by that writer fails, in Mr. Graham's judgment, to bring into relief the useful aspects of the subject, much less to illustrate the beauty and elegance of projective geometrical methods. It was at the beginning of the present century that Carnot first published a work on geometry of position, and since then a group of Continental mathematicians—such as Poncelet, Steiner, and Favaro—have expended much time and labour in the development of the science. Quite recently the study of geometry of position has been made compulsory in the Federal Polytechnic of Zürich, in Strasburg University, and in other centres of scientific training in Europe. Mr. Graham's book is evidently the result of a good deal of labour, and he deserves credit for having made a gallant attempt to "popularise" a useful branch of geometry by illustrating, by means of a series of ingenious examples, the manner in which it lends itself to the solution of the practical problems with which engineers and the like have to deal.

Sir Henry Thompson's book on "Food and Feeding" has just appeared in a sixth edition. Great changes have taken place, both in the selection and service of food, since the volume was first published, some fifteen years ago. A considerable part of the work has, in consequence, been re-written, and a good deal that is new, especially in the sections which relate to the methods of practical cookery, and that which relates to fish as an article of diet. The book is one which appeals to all classes, and as it abounds in practical hints, as well as in advice, which is plainly the outcome of medical experience, it seems likely, in its present greatly-improved form, to take a new lease of life.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S speech at Paddington last Saturday showed that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer still clings to the hope that he may convert the Tory party into a labour party. It is true that his mind is still in a state of flux upon many of the gravest questions involved in the new social programme. He cannot make up his mind as to how the hours of labour should be dealt with, and has apparently retreated from the position he took up formerly on the Eight Hours Bill. But his belief clearly is that the one hope of the Tories lies in "dishing" the Liberals on social questions. This also seems to be the opinion of MR. CHAMBERLAIN, whose speech at Birmingham was also delivered on Saturday night, and who now announces that the time has come for the reproduction of the "great social programme of 1885." This, we need hardly remind our readers, is MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S remarkable programme in which "ransom" played so large a part. It will be interesting to learn the opinions of his Tory allies when they are thus invited to take part in the promulgation of a scheme which six years ago they denounced so lustily as one of plunder and confiscation.

MR. PARNELL has shown during his speeches within the past few days his full consciousness of the fact that the breach between himself and the Liberal party is irreparable. He has done more than this, however. By insisting that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament must be abolished if Home Rule is to be acceptable to the Irish people, he has made it impossible that anybody, whether Liberal or Conservative, should hereafter treat with him as a representative of the Irish nation. Nobody knows better than he does that the "supremacy of the Imperial Parliament" is something that no political party in this country can touch; whilst he is well aware that, until the moment of his own downfall, he himself was always ready to profess his acceptance of the limitations which MR. GLADSTONE proposed to his Home Rule scheme. It is curious to note how, with his loss of power, there has come in the case of MR. PARNELL a corresponding loss of prudence and statesmanlike sagacity. Twelve months ago, no one would have rebuked more sternly than himself the utterance of such opinions as those which he now expresses in every speech; for no one would have seen more clearly that the general acceptance of these opinions by Irishmen would be fatal to Home Rule. Why he should now strive to make Home Rule as well as himself impossible is a problem we may leave his friends to solve—if they can.

As a rule, we leave the contributions of our correspondents abroad to speak for themselves; but we would direct the special attention of our readers to the very important letter from MR. GODKIN, our correspondent in New York, on the state of Irish opinion in the United States regarding MR. PARNELL and the future of Home Rule. Whether we like or dislike the opinions which MR. GODKIN reports, we cannot at all events question the entire trustworthiness of the reporter.

THE cause of Welsh disestablishment has gained a great triumph in the House of Commons since we last wrote. We do not speak merely of the division on Friday night, when the Government could only muster a narrow majority of 32 votes in favour of the Welsh Church, but of MR. GLADSTONE'S speech accepting the position of the opponents of the Establishment. This it is which the Welsh hail as their greatest victory in the cause they have at heart. Of course MR. GLADSTONE was duly taunted with his inconsistency; and he met the taunts with a boldness unusual even for him. One-and-twenty years have elapsed since he gave expression to opinions favourable to the maintenance of the Welsh Establishment—"one-and-twenty years, time enough for a man to be born again and to come of age." This is a plea which the common-sense of mankind will accept as conclusive. There would be an end of controversy, and "consistency" would become a fetish, if there were to be no statute of limitations applicable to changes of opinion. Liberals, at all events, will congratulate themselves on the fact that MR. GLADSTONE'S changes have all been changes of growth and advance.

THE first impression left by the news of the electoral contest in Canada this week probably is, that considering the means of warfare now at the disposal of the Government, it will be a marvel if anything is left of the Liberals at all. The revelations of MR. FARRER'S private correspondence of two years ago, with its candid statements that every prominent Liberal is really an annexationist, and that reciprocity is merely a half-way house, are a perfect godsend to his opponents; and to say that his private correspondence only concerns himself, as SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, the Liberal leader, has hastened to do, is hardly convincing, though no doubt entirely true. Besides the weight thus given to the charges of the Government—which had already detached a number of prominent Liberals—the Roman Catholic clergy, no doubt for substantial reasons, are throwing all their influence on the Conservative side, and MR. VAN HORNE, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has issued a manifesto which puts forward very questionable arguments, but, it is said, may secure the party twenty thousand votes.

STILL, it must surely occur to the Canadian Conservatives in their calmer moments that the United States may possibly not want Canada after all. A Federation which for some ten or twelve years has been unable to admit New Mexico as a State because the Roman Catholic Church there would certainly be granted privileges incompatible with the Federal Constitution, will hardly take over the Province of Quebec, and with it religious problems of a much more serious type. Additional Indian difficulties, too, are hardly desirable, the balance of political parties would be disturbed in a manner beyond the calculations of the professional politician, the admission of Canadian competitors on equal terms can hardly be pleasant to the fishermen of Maine and Massachusetts, and geographical necessity may urge Canada towards the States, but in no way draws the States towards Canada. The Liberal speeches hardly reach England; but the triumphant return of their candidate in a bye-election at Hamilton to